

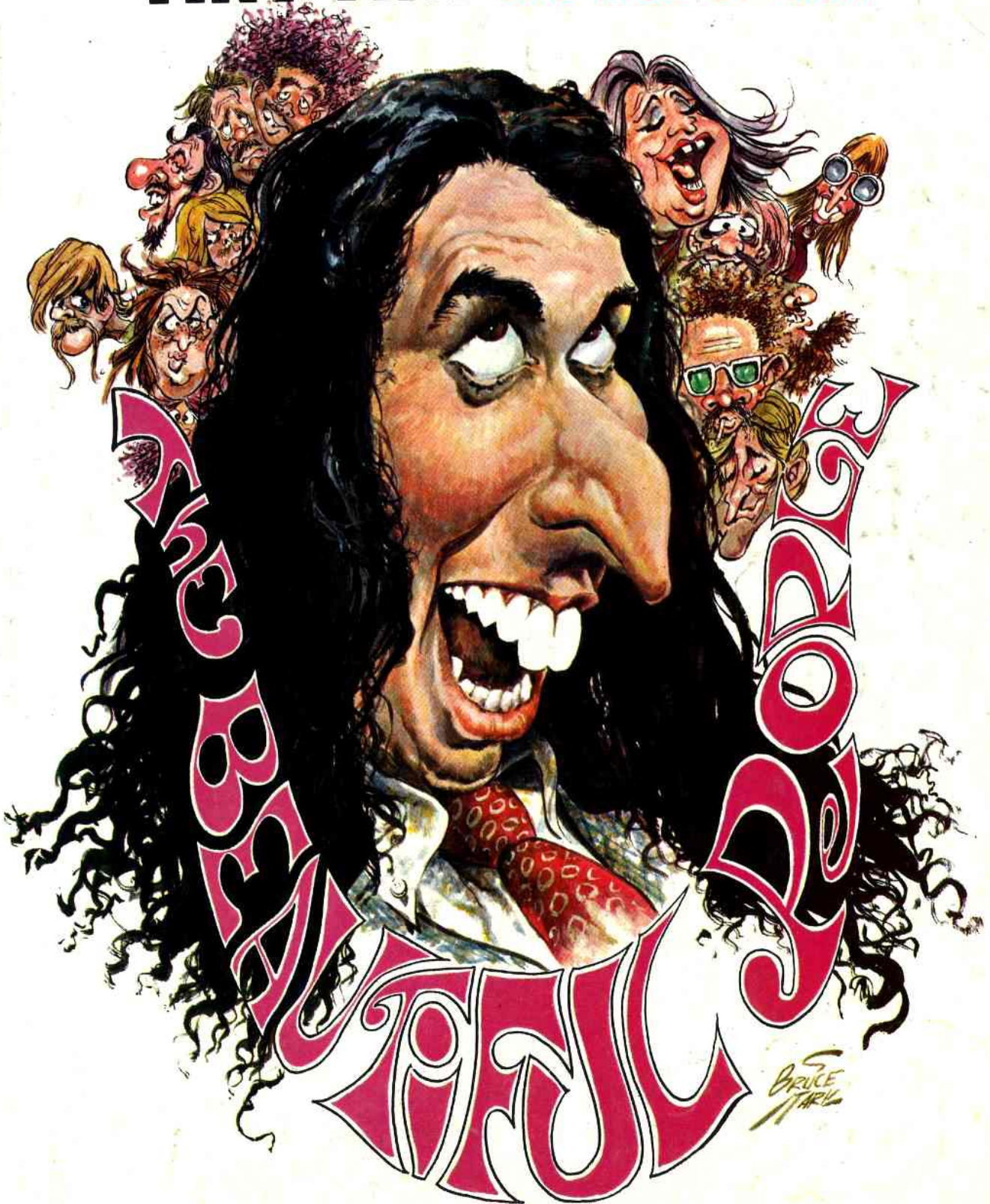
NOW!
MORE
PAGES!
MORE
FUN!

SICK

NOVEMBER,
No. 63

35¢

MAC
bonus **TINY TIM** EVOLUTION CHART
"THE RISE OF MAN"

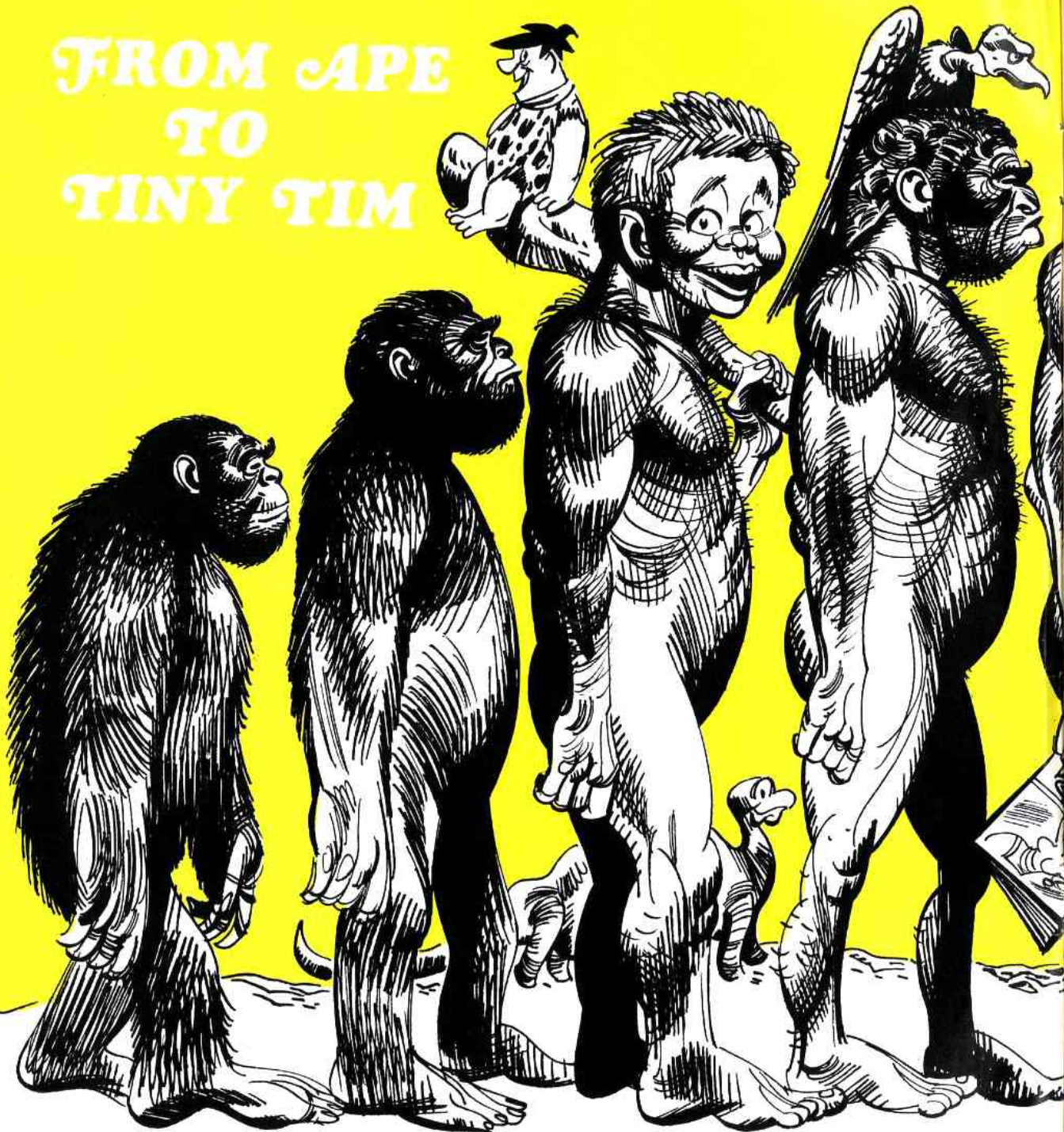


SICK



THE RISE OF MAN

FROM APE
TO
TINY TIM



DRYOPITHEOUS

PARANTHROPUS

ADVANCED AUSTRALOPITHECUS

HOMO ERECTUS

SICK





Here is your bonus
TINY TIM EVOLUTION CHART.
 Remove staples carefully—
 Neatness counts. If you don't
 believe it, look at Tiny Tim.

SICK

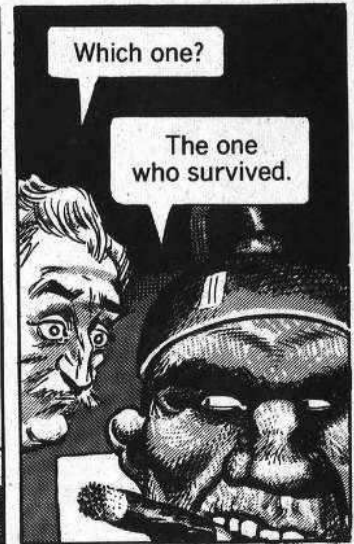
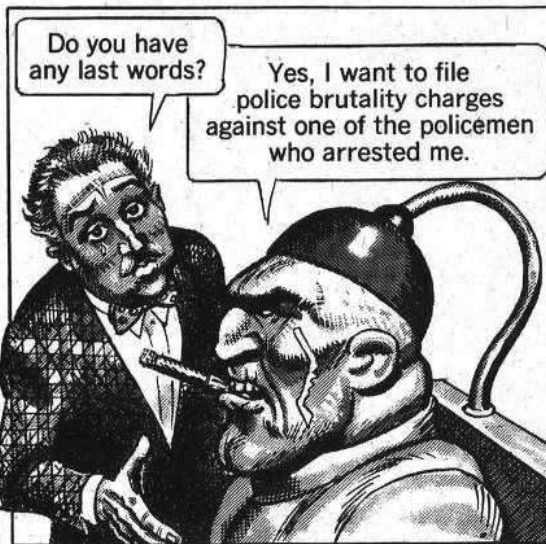
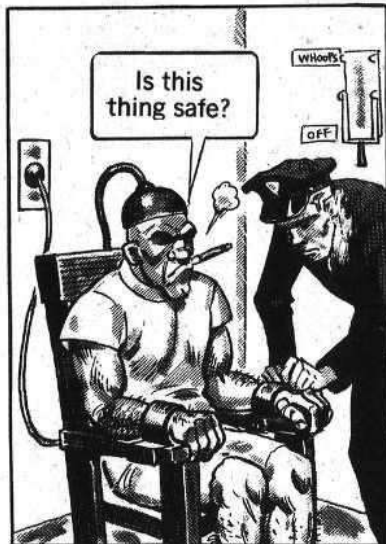
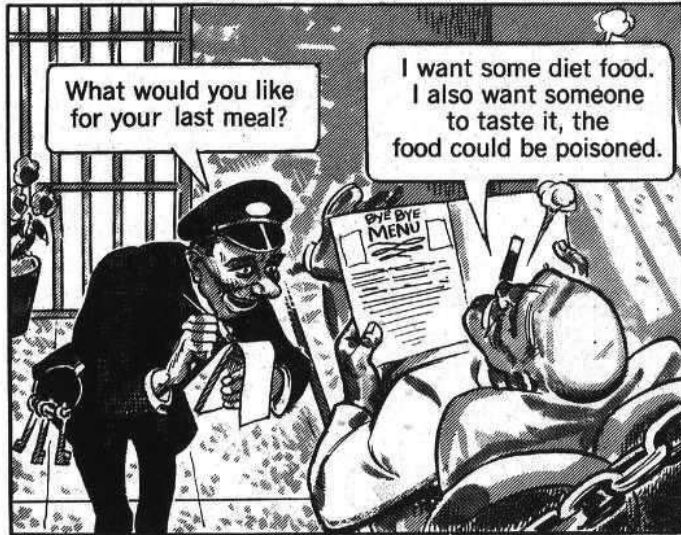
Volume 8, No. 7

November, 1968

No. 63

News Item: DEATH PENALTY REVOKED IN MOST STATES

We'll miss those grand old movies where the condemned man stands ready to walk that "last mile" to the hot seat. They usually wound up like this:



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WAITERS—you know what it is to serve young wise guys who try to beat the establishment out of a free meal. You know these clowns, but do you know how to answer them when they holler—

"WAITER, THERE'S A



FLY IN MY SOUP!"

What do you want for fifty cents — an elephant?

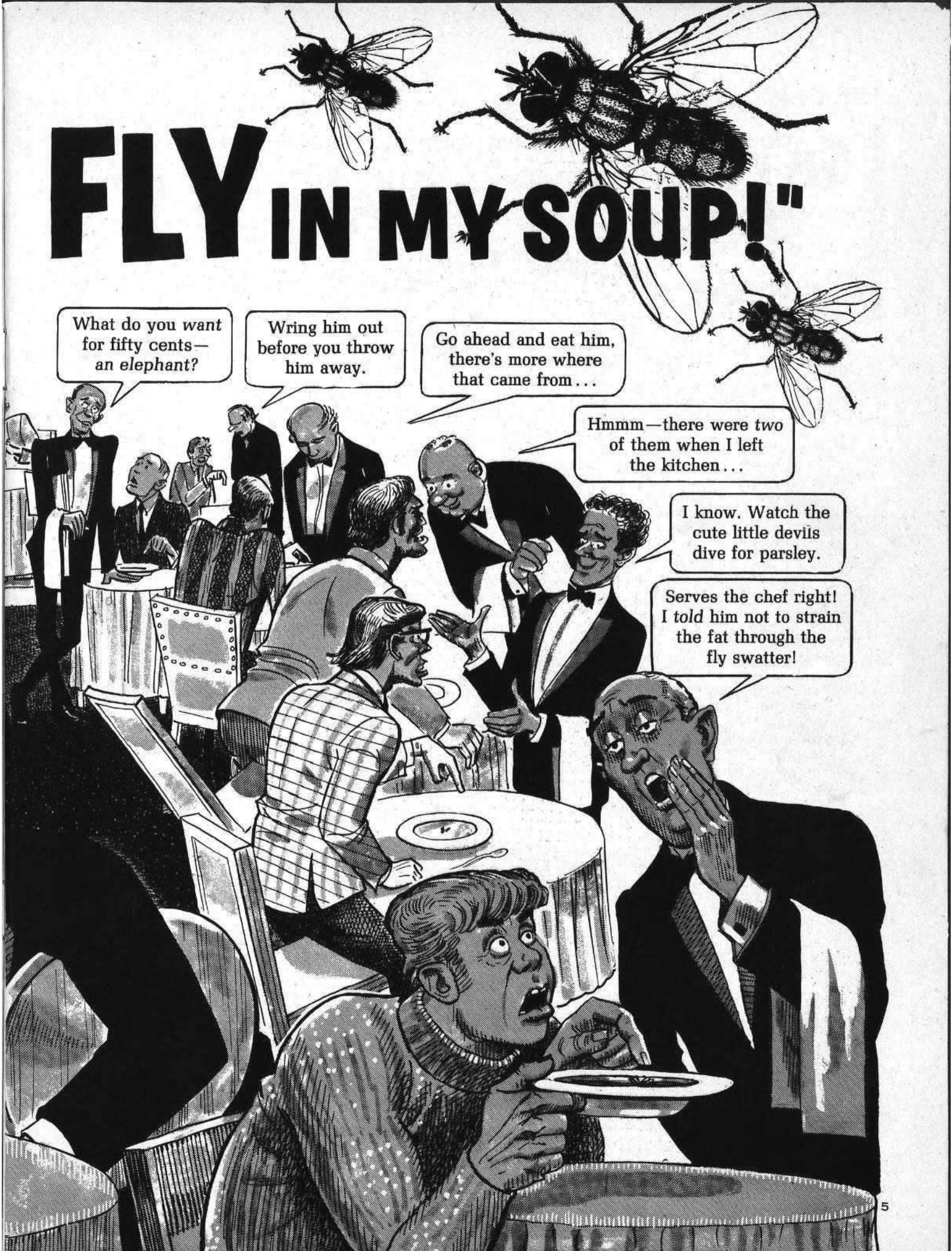
Wring him out before you throw him away.

Go ahead and eat him, there's more where that came from...

Hmmm — there were two of them when I left the kitchen...

I know. Watch the cute little devils dive for parsley.

Serves the chef right! I told him not to strain the fat through the fly swatter!



SICKCERELY YOURS..

Please write to:
Sick Magazine
444 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y., 10022



CATS: Got a couple hang-ups over issues 58 and 54. An original coming here from San Francisco, I find you, like, tune in to the ugly things around our movement. Like reporters, tourists, and plastics. Man you should really bring out the truth. You should avoid this crap on the front cover (although I dig the drawing) which, like, has nothing to do with the space inside. Man, you should trip a little, get tuned in better, and do another satire on us. You're ***** sick alright but when you see the Universe and how we blend in better you can more beautifully do your thing. Also it's a disgrace to beauty to have plastics having cycles and fooling straights by carrying weapons and letting their hair and beards down. Some Angels have, like, roughed me up (for something beautiful like grass, acid, speed, flowers, or some colors) but they have the beauty of reality—at least their violence goes with true living and their grass too. Man, you'd be doing us a favor to blast the plastics in your next issue—and keep laying it on (non-violently) the Monkees. Man, beauty comes with honesty. Keep your head! Make love and blast out the truth. I had to be bribed into reading your issues.

Himalayanda Skyhead
House No. 8-20407
Road 6, Banjara Hills
Hyderabad, India

Ed: What did he say?

I wish, to be buried by many "SICK" magazines. You have to believe me, I'm from Dominican Republic, and I hope you can issue it in Spanish, because that way, the people from my country will stop to make revolution, to read your wonderful magazine. I think it is maravillosa, grandiosa, encantadora, I love "SICK" and all the people who like to read it.

Anybody can write to me at 621W 189 St. Apt. 5A New York 10040. I'm 21, and very tall (in other words, a nice Dominican boy).

Pedro Oviedo

Ed: Nice boys don't read Sick, Pedro.

While reading a recent issue of your venerable magazine I noticed a gross error (not uncommon in YOUR magazine) and that is as follows. Re: issue 57. Since it is apparent that the dumb idiot that wrote that article about the "Late, Late Show" obviously doesn't watch it himself, it's only expected that he'd make the ridiculous mistake he did. If you will notice, on the Late, Late Show, all the lights except one are out! You might possibly be thinking of the late show, however the lettering distinctly says Late,

Late (in your article).

I would advise you poor, misguided slobs to either know what you're talking about in the future or fold up. I will end this now with but one stern admonition; good work.

Mike Phillips
(the real Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.)
2328 West 8th Street
Brooklyn, New York

Ed: We'll tell the idiot to watch it!

Attention: Send anything. Cookies, candy, old baseball cards, belly-button fuzz, dog hair from Snoopy or anything. I want to see all the different things I can collect from all over the U.S. and foreign countries and how many people are thoughtful enough to send something, anything. Anything edible or of some value will be shared among the 18 of us on DELTA shift in the com-center. Don't be afraid to send anything as it will add to the collection.

Sp/4 Bill Stubbs
RA 16992268
U.S.A. Sig. Ctr. U.S.E.U.C.O.M.
APO New York 09131

Ed: We're sending you a bill for this ad.

Regarding issue NO. 58 with the letter stating that "your magazine, of all magazines, was knocking the teenagers (synonym of hippy) of today." A comment to the writer and all his

Did you hear about the kid who killed his mother and father so he could go to the orphan's day picnic... and then it rained.

Did you hear about the moron who cut off his arms because he heard about a sale on sleeveless sweaters... and then it rained.



friends: You said you enjoyed the spoof on motorcycle clubs—yet when it comes time to mock your little group, OH HORROR, RAISE THE FLAG!! If we, I'M also a teenager, can't laugh at ourselves, and I do feel quite secure not being a hippy, then who can we laugh at?

Ed Betterton
659 Comstock Rd.
Richmond, B.C. Canada

Ed: We give up! Who?

I'm in the U.S. Army stationed in Vietnam and I read your magazine every chance that I get. It is really great and it cheers up a lot of lonely G.I.'s.

Donald C. Lawrence
TRP D (Air) 1/4 CAV 1st. Inf. Div.
APO San Francisco, Calif. 96345

Attention People: I need elephant jokes and I need them now! I have a collection of them and have run out of new jokes. Send any and all elephant jokes to:

Patti Bazel
1731 Woodward Terrace
Huntington, W.Va. 25705

Ed: We ran out of jokes years ago, but does that stop us?!!

I recently compared your magazine to Brand "X" and your magazine won by a landslide. Your movie reviews are better than the movies and

more entertaining and your jokes are fresh, not stale, old cliches. But the winning items are your posters. The one in this month's edition was hilarious. Too bad the security guard (from rent-a-cop) didn't like it. I put it up on the door outside his room. Now it's in my collection of wall decorations right next to Miss May. Keep up the fan-

tastic work. In my book you are finally number one.

Dan Holdridge
Rm. 7 Troy/Dorms
25 Morrison Ave.
Troy, New York

Ed: Your book is funnier than ours, Dan.

To be perfectly honest I've never read your magazine before. I happened to buy one and was shocked at the way C.L. "Junior" Black spoke of Australia. I don't know what everyone is feuding about (I wish someone could write and tell me), but I do know what I'd like to do.

I happen to be a normal Australian girl (and proud of it) and I never see a kangaroo hoppin' about unless I go to the zoo, and I have never even used a brummy boomerang. I think it is very costly making wise-cracks about Australia! Please write and tell me what's going on, please!

Anne Fraser
Northmead, Sydney
NSW, Australia

Ed: Just a healthy exercise in HATRED!

During World War Two, there was a nearsighted whale that fell in love with a submarine. He was so much in love that he followed this sub all over the world, and every time the sub ejected a torpedo this lovesick whale would pass out cigars.



Did you hear about the primitive tribe that revolted, and in a gesture of mockery, put an ape on the throne... and then it reigned.



PERSONALITIES

Did you ever ask yourself, "What's happening to The Monkees now that their show is off the air?" You did? Watch it, fella, you're talking to yourself again. Besides, you should have asked us. Not that we're monkee experts, but we do have a chance to get rid of a lot of old jokes by showing you a typical day in the lives of our favorite group—

Script by Calvin Castine



This is terrible! The water keeps getting deeper and deeper, and now all the boats are sinking! Man the lifeboats! Women and Monkees first!



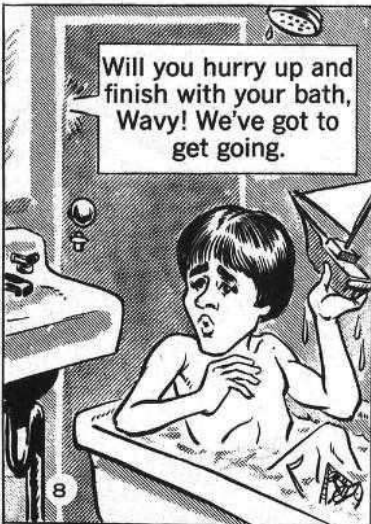
Well, we're off on another day of fun and frolic. As soon as I say my morning prayer to John Lennon I'll be ready to go.

Gosh, your hair looks messy, lcky. Why don't you get a haircut?

Or better yet, get them all cut!



Will you hurry up and finish with your bath, Wavy! We've got to get going.

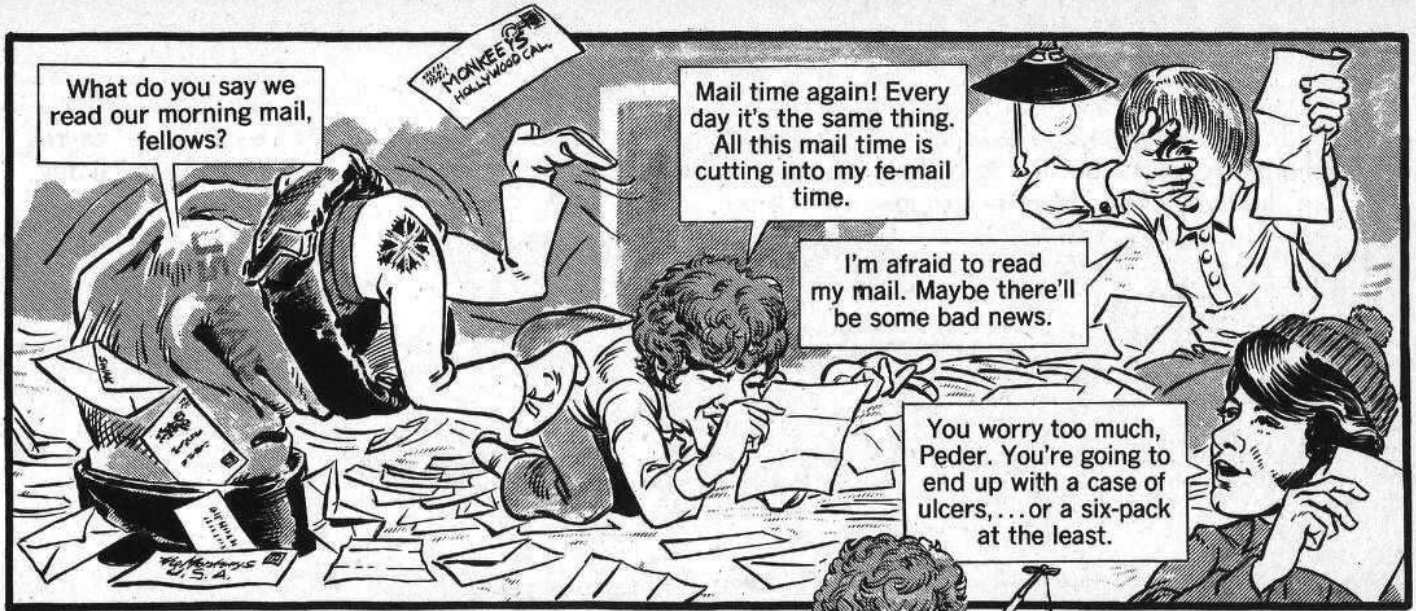


Well, fellows, I've finally given up. I don't think I'll ever be able to realize my greatest dream.

You mean you've given up on our playing our own music! After all the work we've gone through!

No, silly. I've given up on becoming a six-footer.



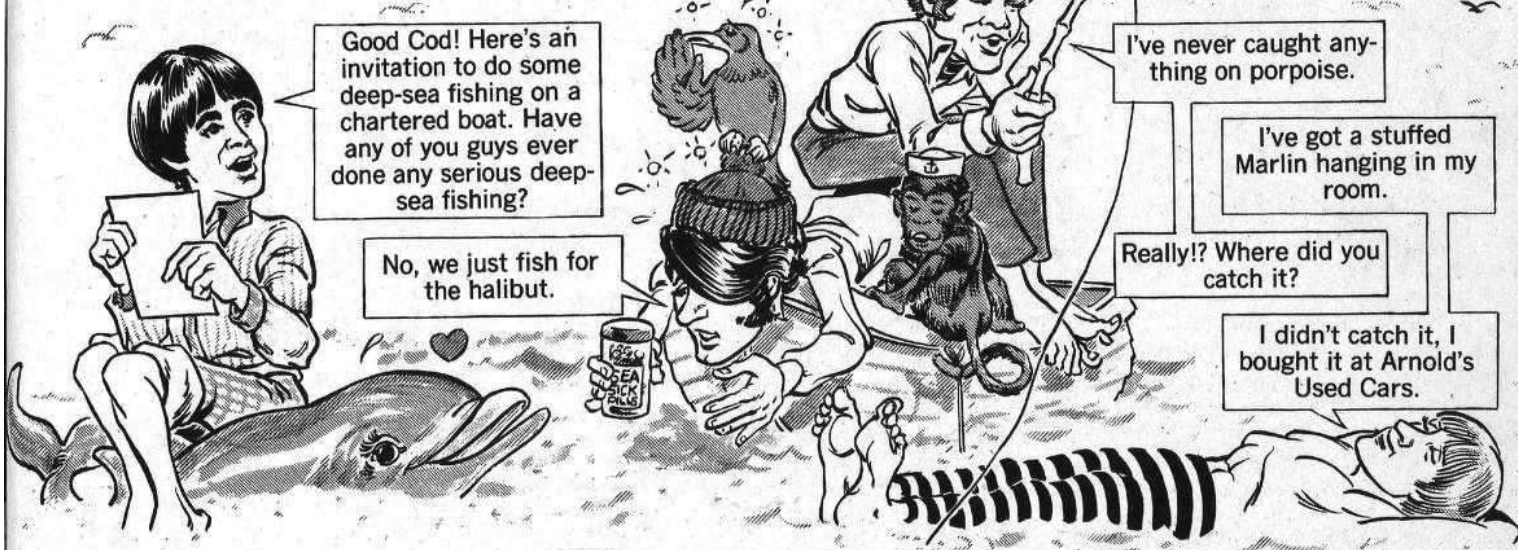


What do you say we read our morning mail, fellows?

Mail time again! Every day it's the same thing. All this mail time is cutting into my fe-mail time.

I'm afraid to read my mail. Maybe there'll be some bad news.

You worry too much, Peder. You're going to end up with a case of ulcers, ... or a six-pack at the least.



Good Cod! Here's an invitation to do some deep-sea fishing on a chartered boat. Have any of you guys ever done any serious deep-sea fishing?

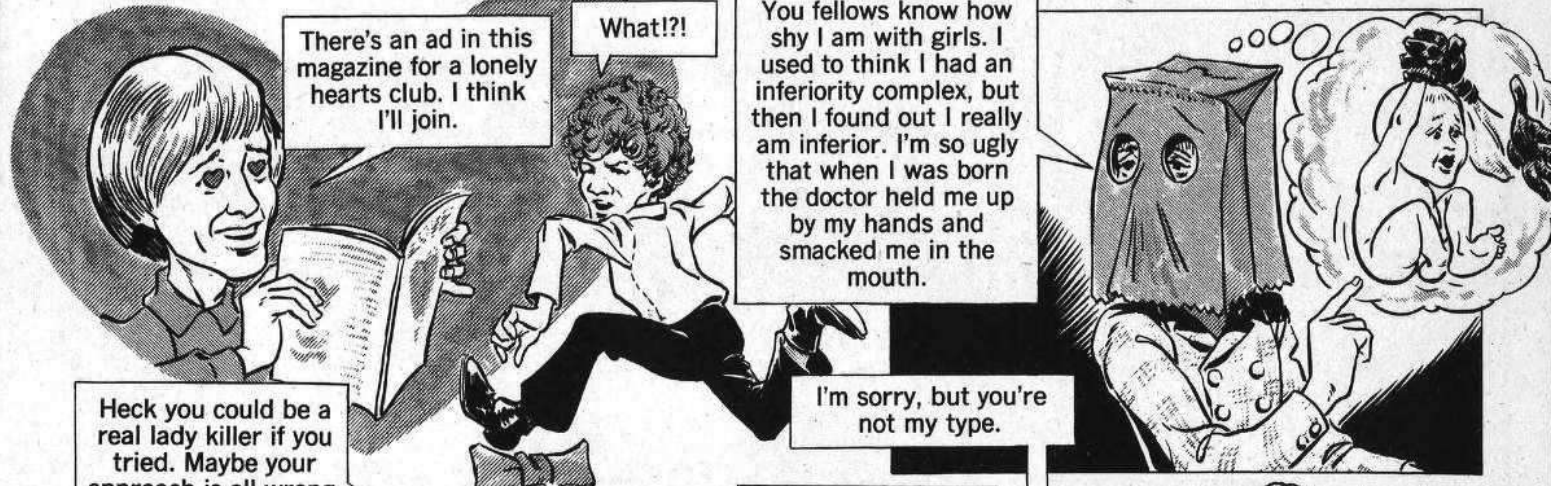
No, we just fish for the halibut.

I've never caught anything on porpoise.

I've got a stuffed Marlin hanging in my room.

Really!? Where did you catch it?

I didn't catch it, I bought it at Arnold's Used Cars.



There's an ad in this magazine for a lonely hearts club. I think I'll join.

What!?!

You fellows know how shy I am with girls. I used to think I had an inferiority complex, but then I found out I really am inferior. I'm so ugly that when I was born the doctor held me up by my hands and smacked me in the mouth.



I'm sorry, but you're not my type.

Heck you could be a real lady killer if you tried. Maybe your approach is all wrong. Try practicing on me.

Shut up and try! Ask me my name.

Okay, what's your name, beautiful?

Agnes.

My what a pretty name. I used to have a dog named Agnes.

Oh brother!!

Hold everything, fellows.
This telegram just arrived.

Is it a singing telegram?

No, you've got to read it.

That's the oldest, corniest joke in creation.

Let's hurry, or we'll miss the last train to Clarksville Tech.

Hey! Cut it out! I'm not a stepping stone.

Somebody write it down. We'll use it in our next show.

What does it say?

I don't know. It's written in American, and I'm British.

I didn't think we'd get here on time, but now I'm a believer!

Gosh, all that running made me hungry. I think I'll have a Pleasant Valley Sundae!

What time does the movie start?

There's no movie on a train.

Really? What do they do for entertainment?

It's from a college up North called Clarksville Tech. They're having a big festival this weekend, and they want us to attend. They say, "your presence will be appreciated."

The engineer passes around his family photo album.

They invite us up there to perform, and we've got to bring presents!

Look at that sign. We're being billed as a "special added distraction!"

CLARKSVILLE
TECH

MUSICAL PRO
BEETHOVEN
#5
OFFICIAL APPROVED
DISTRACTION THE
MONKEYS

On the way over here, I saw a skunk with an "Out of Odor" sign.

Look out, fellows! It's a trap!

It's the old iron-bars-behind-the-door trick!

CLANG

This is ridiculous! Who'd want to harm a bunch of long-haired weirdos like us?

Golly! Its the Men from U.N.K.L.E.

And now we're going to cancel you.

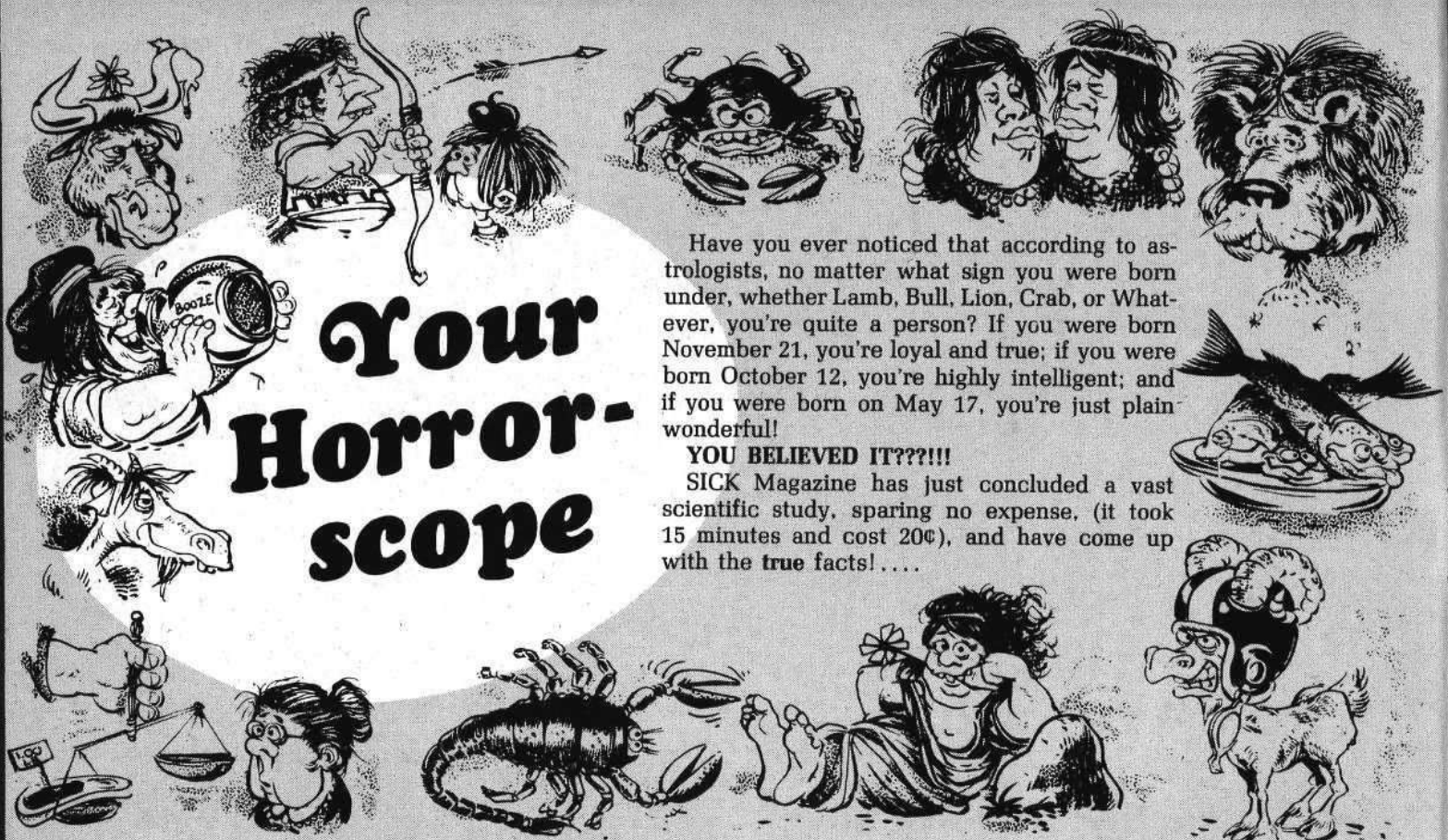
We used to be the only show on television that survived on corny worn out jokes. And then you guys came along.

And to make matters worse, NBC put you on immediately before us. By the time we came on the viewers were so tired of those sick old jokes that we were finally cancelled.

Well, lcky, since this is really happening to us, do you think we're done for, OR do you feel we'll be able to think of some absurd way of getting out of this—like we did on our TV show.

Yes.

END



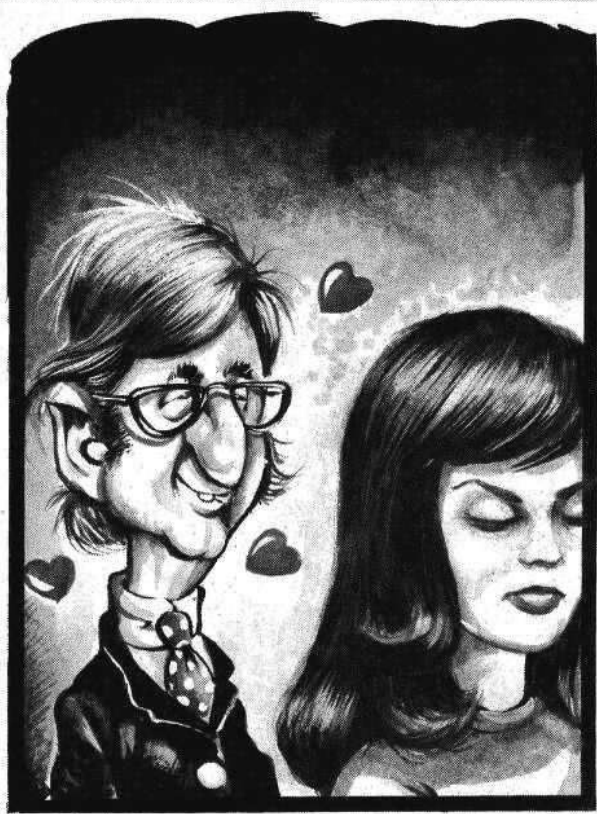
Your Horror-scope

Have you ever noticed that according to astrologists, no matter what sign you were born under, whether Lamb, Bull, Lion, Crab, or Whatever, you're quite a person? If you were born November 21, you're loyal and true; if you were born October 12, you're highly intelligent; and if you were born on May 17, you're just plain wonderful!

YOU BELIEVED IT????!!!

SICK Magazine has just concluded a vast scientific study, sparing no expense, (it took 15 minutes and cost 20¢), and have come up with the true facts! . . .

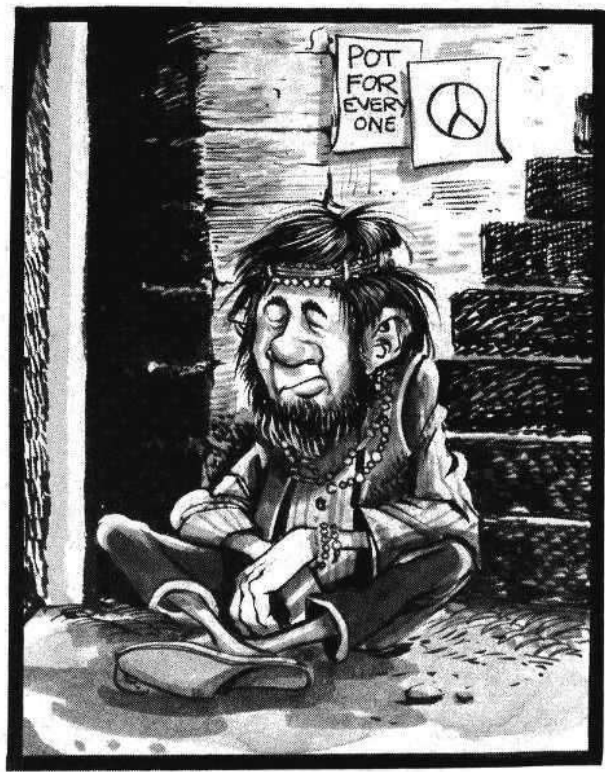
Script by Bob Heit Art by Bob Taylor



May 21 to June 20 Sign: THE GHOUL

You are extremely attractive to members of your own sex. Members of the opposite sex can't stand you.

This year you will come into more money than you have ever made before. You will be forced to decide whether to put it in the bank or buy an ice-cream soda.



June 21 to July 22 Sign: THE SWAMP

You're the type of person others try to imitate. This is one of the reasons the world is in such a terrible state.

You will remain deep in meditation for the next year, and will accomplish nothing. It might be best if you skipped the next year altogether.

Eventually, however, all your dreams will come true. Except the good ones.



July 23 to August 22

Sign: THE PIG

You're the type of person that makes others sit up and take notice, before they become ill and turn away.

This will be a good year for you to raise radishes but a bad year for everything else.

Avoid walking on sidewalks. Stay out of cars, trains, planes, and busses. Do not remain at home. And do not read any further or it will be too late.



August 23 to September 22

Sign: THE KNUCKLEHEAD

You have a great knack for destruction, but you'll soon meet someone even more destructive and you'll get clobbered.

People born during this period are thoroughly nasty and have terrible tempers. Notice how angry it makes you to read this?



September 23 to October 22 Sign: THE YAWN

People born during this period display great lethargy, boundless apathy, and enormous inactivity.

Do not make any business or social decisions for the next 47 years.

Do not go on any long walks except during eclipses.



October 23 to November 21 Sign: THE PINHEAD

You have had bad luck for the first third of your life and will have worse luck for the next two-thirds. This is not your fault. You can't help it if you're totally incompetent.

You will soon become involved in a big business transaction, trading the Boardwalk, Park Place, the Water Works, and 2 railroads in exchange for Mediterranean Avenue.

November 22 to December 21

Sign: THE GARBAGE CAN

Of your character, the less said the better. Anyone who admires you from a distance will find you even more admirable from a greater distance.

For the next five years do not walk under any ladders, or enter any area in which there may be a ladder within a radius of 17 miles. It will not be necessary to avoid black cats, however, since they will be avoiding you.

You will soon become involved in the longest romance of your life. It will last for 3 days.





December 22 to January 19 Sign: THE GOON

You have one good habit, but no one has found it yet.

You have a flair for creating monotony wherever you go.

For the next 13 years stay out of the sun and avoid the shade. Beware of light-skinned, dark-skinned, and medium-skinned people, particularly of either sex.

On May 3 through May 5 avoid falling through windows.



January 20 to February 18 Sign: THE ZERO

In spite of all your faults, your friends realize that you have a certain nothing.

You will soon go on an ocean voyage. Be sure you take a boat.

August 3 will be a good day for you. The others will be awful.



February 19 to March 20 Sign: THE TOILET BOWL

You have a great aversion for people and they feel the same about you.

You will catch a rare disease during the next 6 months. It won't be leprosy. Something worse.

At the moment your life is in danger. Leave the building immediately, but do not use the elevator, stair-cases, or fire-escape.



March 21 to April 19 Sign: THE SLOB

You have unspeakable habits. They cannot be gone into here because of the obscenity laws.

From January 1 to December 31 it would be best if you stayed away from people. Please!

April 20 to May 20 Sign: THE FINK

People born during this period are usually steadfast, loyal, honest, wise, and attractive. You are the only exception.

Stay away from apartment houses, private homes, hotels, and all public buildings. People are getting wise to you and you're liable to be pelted with garbage.

Beware of lengthy illnesses. However, if you are stricken by bubonic plague, do not worry. This is not a lengthy illness.



MOVIE SPOOF

by Bill Majeski

PSYCH-OUT

The movie "Psych-Out" might best be described as a family movie—if you can imagine this many weirdos in the same family.


Susan Strasberg, famous daughter of Lee Strasberg, famous teacher of Method Acting, fails in this one because she couldn't discover any method to escape.

The movie also features Dean Stockwell and Henry Jaglom, who is familiar to everyone—especially to Mr. and Mrs. Jaglom.

Dick Clark, TV host, disc jockey and Morality Consultant to the World, produced this movie, probably sometime between 9 and 11:30 on a warm July morning.

It was released by American International Pictures which also gave us "Beach Blanket Bingo" and "I Was a Teen-Age Werewolf." It did not give us such pictures as "Melancholy Cabbage" and "Don't Walk Naked in a Blizzard."

Seventeen charming ex-drug addicts served as technical advisers to all pot and mind-expanding drug scenes in this picture which has a running time of 89 minutes and a flying time of 35 seconds.



See? You just inhale.
Inhale. Always inhale.

The best thing about these
trips, you don't have to pose
for a passport photo.

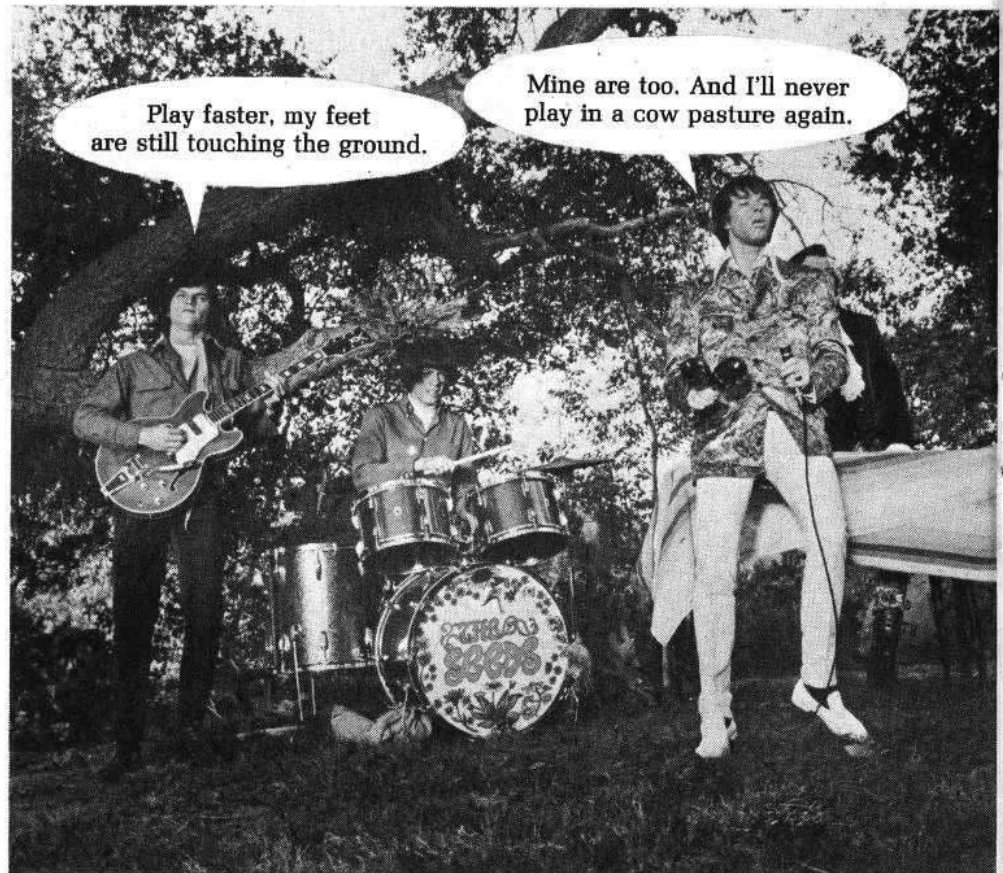
1—Susan Strasberg is introduced to the wonderful world of weirdos by this creepy couple, who are recent graduates of the Dr. Leary Crash Landing School. The woman is a stylish, vain chick who has her family code of honor printed on her corn cob pipe. The youth, who made a

fortune selling homing beads to dumb hippies—he'd sell the beads and at night they'd fly back home to him and he'd sell them again—now wants to retire and live the good life of a gentleman hippie. Susan Strasberg wanders dazedly through much of the film looking for the exit.

2—Susan is now a full-fledged member of the Haight-Ashbury Rockettes. Here she is in her Sunday clothes as she heads for the formal ceremonies at which a landing strip in a crash pad will be named after a local junkie. Later she will be introduced to the resident guru, played by Dean Stockwell, for an attempt to find the true meaning of life. The guru is famous for such mystical insights as—*"When the bird of despair flies into your nose your sneezes are filled with sprays of sadness."*—or *"Don't blow your nose in mixed company."* The cats in this picture aren't affected by that because they only blow their minds, not their noses.



3—No picture of this sort is complete without music. In this film, the music is effectively disguised by *The Seeds*, who don't, for some reason, get planted, and the *Strawberry Alarm Clock*, who play tuneful melodies, often by accident. Some of the hit tunes played by these sterling musicians are *"I Like Peaches, but Don't Like Fuzz,"* *"Don't Bend Your Mind Over Me, Dear,* and *I Won't Break My Back Over You,* and *"Yes, We Have No Bananas, So Put Out Your Matches Right Now."* The musical interludes are featured to keep the audience's mind off the plot. Also the actor's minds.



4—Susan finds love, or a reasonable facsimile thereof in the form of a guru bearing the mystical name of Dave. His real name was Mahareeshi Mamarduke Rotunda Albatross, but he changed it so he wouldn't trade on the family name. These hippies get involved in Western dream sequences and beat up bad guys. Instead of Gunsmoke, it's more like Potsmoke. One hippie took a mind expanding drug and his hat exploded. In the most exciting Western fight dream scene, the guru would have beaten up three bad men, but he tripped over his beads and broke them, which means seven trips bad luck.



I'd give the shirt off my back for you.

Thank you.

Not you—him!

Mother told me I should avoid Columbia students!



Are you sure this rope goes all the way across Niagara Falls?

Sure. And if it breaks, you simply fly away.



5—Susan is set upon by a group of toughs who don't know the meaning of the word decency, which is because they were drop-outs. These toughs are beaten up by a gang of gentle flower people who do their thing—namely stab the punks with "Make Love, Not War" pins.

6—Well, Susan is back in the lair of the hippies sitting cross-legged on the couch, which is better than sitting cross-eyed on the couch. The picture ends when Susan's brother is trapped in a burning house, but it's much more enjoyable watching Susan sit cross-legged on the couch as a hippie band plays the marching song of the love people—"The Best Things in Life Are Freaks." The Strawberry Alarm Clock showed up, but apparently the alarm didn't go off. When the picture ended the audience was still asleep.

The Revolting Stories College Men Tell When Not Revolting

Some of the funniest stories are those that were born on the college campus and revised and refined through the years. As our contribution to Americana, we are instituting this new feature designed to perpetuate those party stories and anecdotes and also to add a few of our own to the collection. Here, then, is the first of the series, ingeniously illustrated by our staff—

Bill Robinson

FISHERMAN



A hippie sat on a curbstone fishing in a garbage can. A tourist approached, and sneered, "how many have you caught?"

"You're the ninth," was the reply.



THE PEACENIK

The flower child had put in a hard day picketing for peace in blustery, windy weather and when he came home unexpectedly to find his wife in the arms of another man, he was understandably upset. In a rare display of violence, he seized the man's umbrella, raised it high above his head then brought it down sharply over his knee. It broke in two. "There," cried the peacenic, "I hope it rains!"

THE PICKUP

A student stopped his car to talk to a lovely young chick. "Pardon me," he began, "but—"

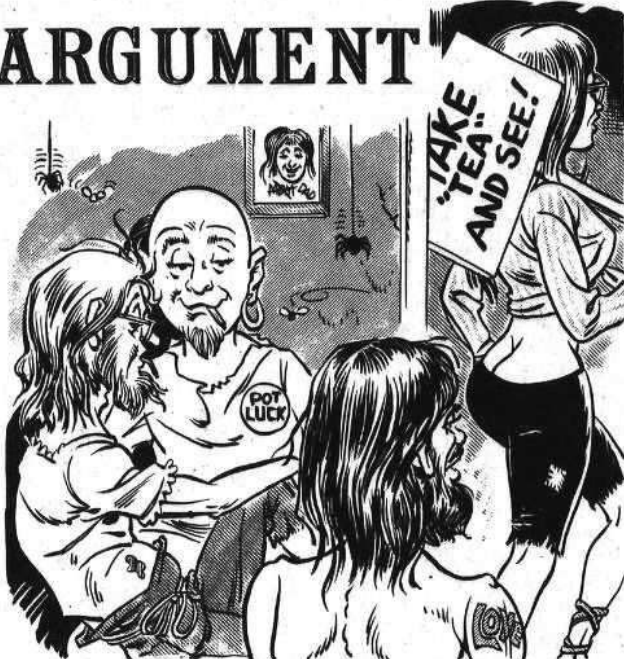


The girl interrupted—"No, you've never met me in Vegas or Miami or Atlantic City. I wasn't on the jet this weekend. I know I'm cute and I'm not shy. I'm not going your way and I wouldn't ride with you on a bet. I don't want a lift and we've never met before. Now, were you going to say something?"



"Yes, damn it," the student replied. "You're losing your underwear."

ARGUMENT

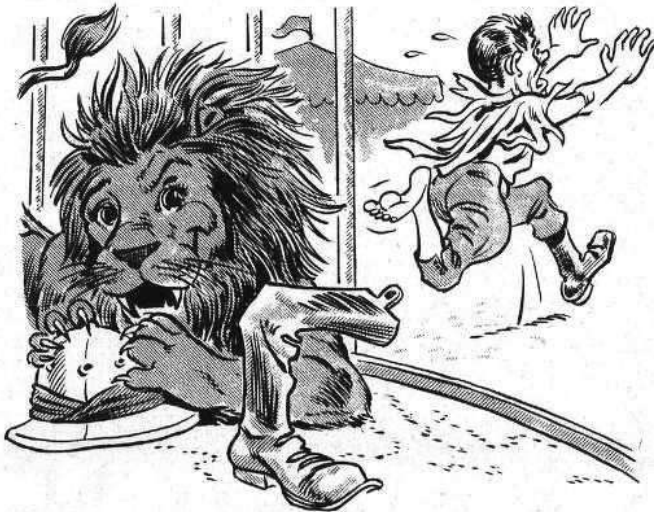


Three hippies sat in their pad and spent all day staring at the wall, smoking pot and seldom speaking. One day a girl walked past their door. A week later, one hippie mumbled, "That was a pretty blonde." Two weeks later, another hippie said, "That wasn't a blonde, it was a brunette."



A week later, the third hippie got up and stalked toward the door, "If it's going to be this constant bickering," he shrugged, "I'm leaving."

LION TAMER



The circus manager advertised for someone to replace a lion tamer, who had quit before the evening performance. That afternoon, two applicants showed up. One was an ordinary looking young man and the other a gorgeous blonde beauty. Neither had any experience at lion taming, but the manager was desperate.



"Here," said the manager, "is a whip, a gun and a chair. Let's see how you handle that big lion. We'll let the young lady go first."

The lovely girl, ignoring the whip, the gun and the chair, fearlessly entered the cage, empty-handed.

THE NAP

The young man entered a hospital, complaining that he was a physical wreck because he was unable to fall asleep. A psychiatrist, after lengthy questioning, suggested that a person could "talk" himself to sleep.

"Get into bed," he advised, "and say, Toes go to sleep, feet go to sleep, legs go to sleep, body go to sleep, arms go to sleep and finally, eyes go to sleep."

That night, the young man got into bed and said, "Toes go to sleep, feet go to sleep, arms go to sleep." Just as he got to his eyes, a lovely young nurse came into the room. Violently slapping himself all over, the young man shouted, "Everybody wake up! Everybody wake up!"





The savage beast rose, snarling, then, with a ferocious roar, came charging across the cage toward her. Undaunted, the girl threw open her coat. Underneath she was wearing a skimpy nightgown. The lion skidded to a halt, nuzzled the girl's feet with his nose, purred and licked her trim ankles.



The circus manager was astonished. He turned to the pop-eyed young man and sneered, "Well, young man, do you think you can top that?"

"Can I," exclaimed the young man... "Just get that stupid lion out of there!"

COMMUNAL FARM

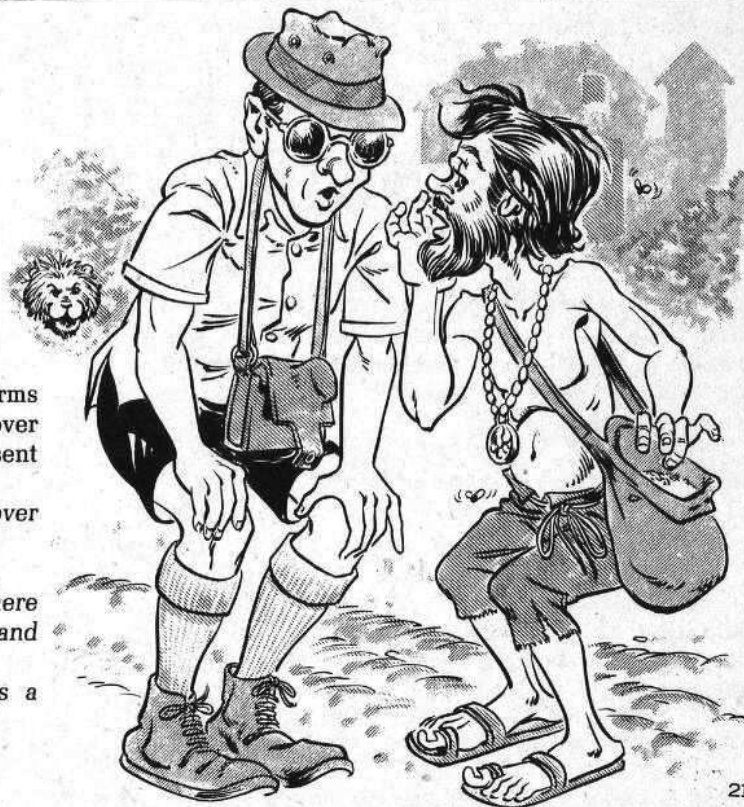
The hippies had settled at the communal farms and one of them was sprinkling yellow dust over the ground to the bewilderment of the ever present tourists.

"Why are you sprinkling that yellow dust over the ground," one tourist asked.

"To keep the lions away," the hippie replied.

"My dear young man," the tourist scoffed, "there hasn't been a lion in these parts for a thousand years."

"Well, confidentially," said the hippie, "It's a lucky thing. This stuff isn't very good."



Nostalgia fans, have you ever wondered whatever became of those wonderful, colorful celebrities of the past that brought joy and excitement to your earlier years?

Have you ever pondered the fate of the famous athletes, performers, politicians or those one-shot celebrities who briefly tasted fame and then faded into obscurity?

Sure you have. So has everyone else. It is for you people that this feature was written.

So why not sit back and share some memories with us as we trip lightly through the corridors of the past and edge our way to the present as we answer the question —

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Script by Bill Majeski

Art by Bill Kresse

Where is Lionel Gandy, the man who underwent an amazing total of 657 surgeries during an otherwise fun-filled lifetime?

Stout of limb and strong of wind was Lionel Gandy, attributes that stood him well, as he entered his name in the record books of surgical history.

Not only did Lionel undergo a record number of surgeries, he also chalked up an envious number of operating room firsts. He was the first man to submit to open-mouth surgery. He once underwent by proxy, a knee operation for a man who was afraid of doctors. He was a consistent fingernail donor,

having no less than 121 fingernails removed, going under ether for each one.

Head, eyes, nose, throat, limbs, chest, stomach, hips, you name it and he's had the operation. From head to toe, up and down and around, his body was covered with stitches.

Where is Lionel Gandy, whole burly body was sewn up 657 times by surgeons who operated upon him?



Today, Lionel Gandy, whose body is covered completely with stitches from his operations, serves as a model railroad layout at a famous hobby shop.

Where is Chester Jagrew, medical phenomenon, who was victimized by the worst cases of shingles known to man?

Not a month went by during a 10-year period some time ago when you didn't read another remark by a doctor expressing amazement at Chester Jagrew's affliction—shingles.

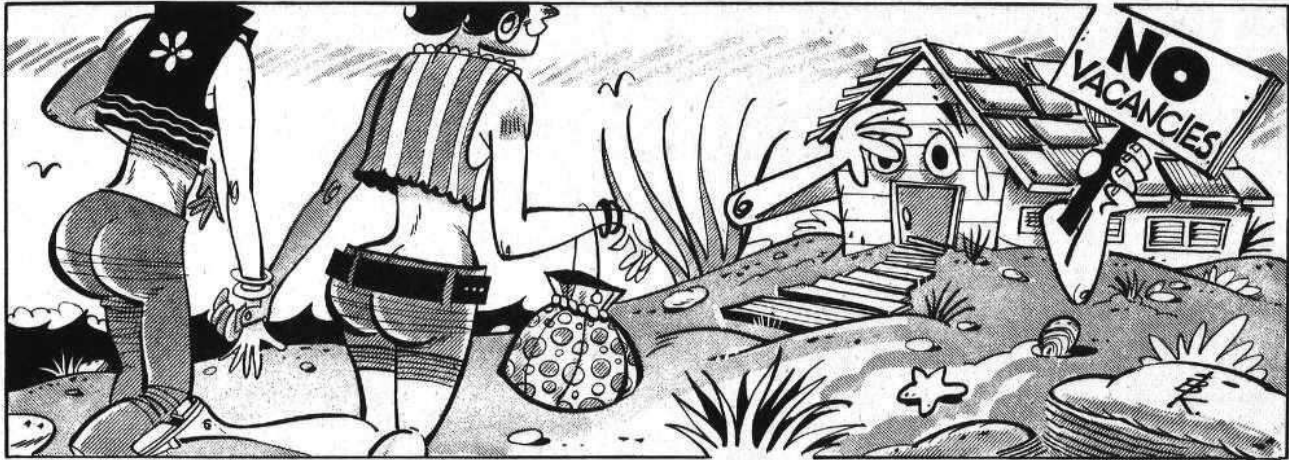
This troublesome and painful disease festered majestically in Jagrew's graceful and sturdy body and brought physicians, specialists and curiosity seekers from all over the world just for a peek at his shingles.

After examining Chester Jagrew, neurologists

were known to lapse into depression, skin specialists became morose, sullen and neglected their practices after they had seen Jagrew. After Jagrew, there was nothing else.

Medical science wasn't advanced enough to do anything about Jagrew's shingles and interest in the ailment gradually waned. But people still talk about Chester Jagrew!

Where is Chester Jagrew, the man who possessed the world's worst case of shingles in the history of medicine?



Today, Chester Jagrew, the owner of the most famous shingles in the world, is a bungalow on Fire Island.

Where is Jimmy Slots, the daring man who thrilled millions by lying in a long box and letting a magician ram swords in it?

Magic fans remember it well. The lights dim. Drums roll. Tension mounts. A moustachioed magician carrying a sword opens the lid of a long coffin-like box. Another man, smiling and confident comes out and climbs into the box. That man was Jimmy Slots.

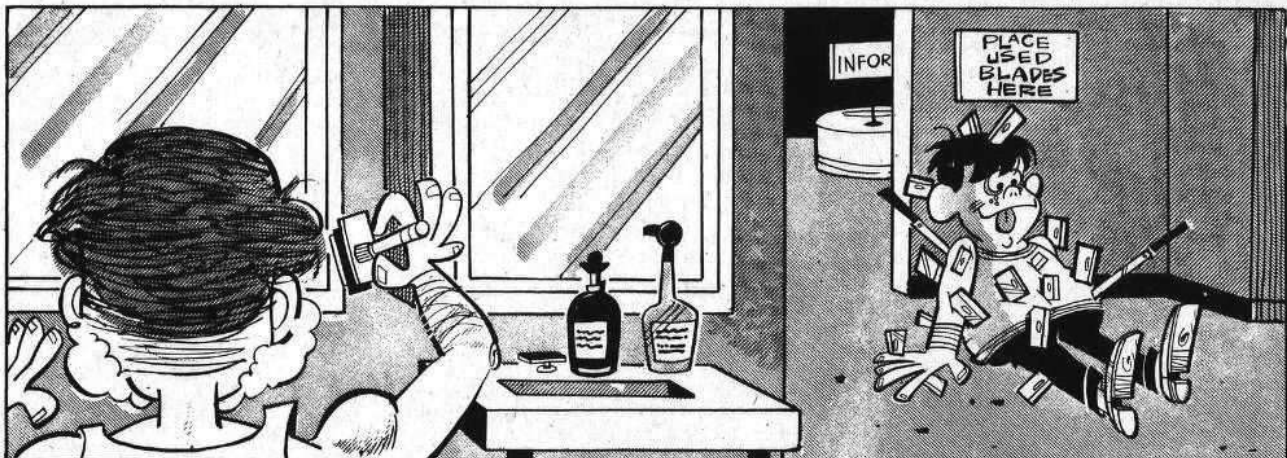
One by one, the magician slams the swords with great force into the box. Five times, 10 times, 30 times he thrusts the swords into the box, causing

a gasp from the audience with each one. No man could live through it! There's no room left in there, the audience murmurs.

But live through it he did. For 14 performances a week, Jimmy Slots let the magician push swords at him as he lay inside a tightly confining wooden box as thousands thrilled to the spectacle.

Vaudeville died, but not Jimmy Slots.

Where is Jimmy Slots, the man who lay in a box as magicians rammed swords in at him?



Today, Jimmy Slots, who withstood thousands of sword thrusts on stage is in another business. He serves as a used razor blade receptacle in the men's washroom at Grand Central Station.

Where is Marty Flambeau, lovable fire-eater?

Certainly one of the greats of vaudeville was lovable old Marty Flambeau, who thrilled millions with his heart-warming act.

The world's foremost fire-eater once ate seven pieces of flaming coal, two servings of blazing shish-ke-bab, three burning biscuits and an order of Cherries Jubilee. And then he excused himself, went out and performed his act for a sell-out crowd.

Marty was a fire-eater's fire-eater, truly a genius of this much-overlooked profession. Firemen stood in the wings to applaud and occasionally to put him out with a burst of water from a nearby hydrant.

But then, the vagaries of show business took their inevitable toll, and the bottom dropped out of the flame-swallowing act. However, many people still recall the glory of Marty Flambeau.

Where is Marty Flambeau, the world's most famous fire-eater of all time?



Today Marty Flambeau, No. 1 in the flame-swallowing Hall of Fame, is alive and doing great. He works as an oven in Tony's Pizza Palace on 42nd Street.

Where is Tom Grenger of the famous dart-throwing team of Grenger and Halliburton?

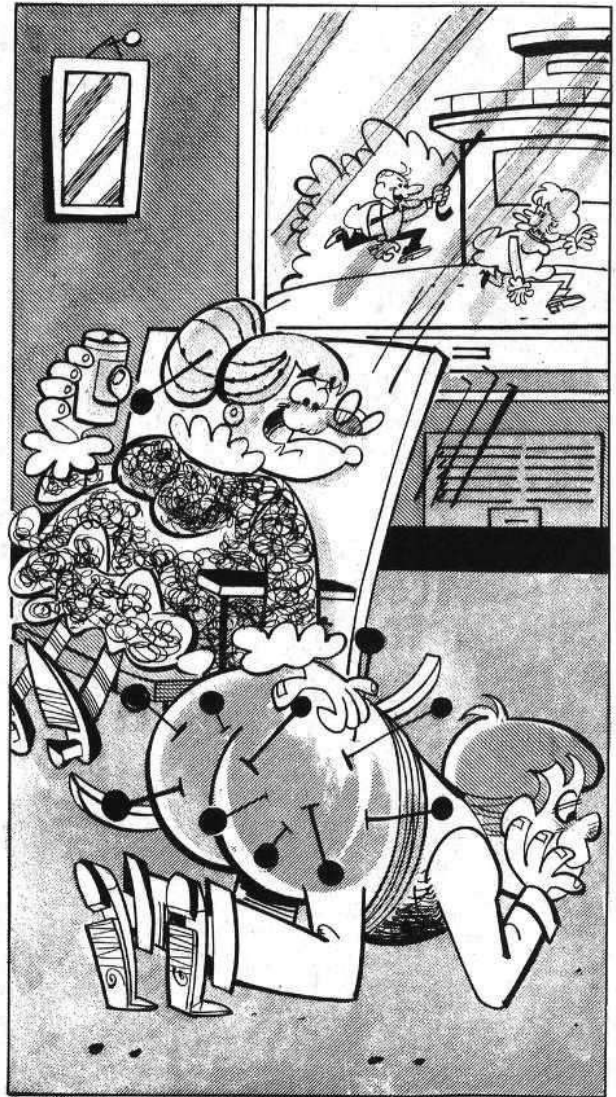
All dart lovers remember the daring and breathtaking feats performed in circuses throughout the nation many years ago.

Tom Grenger was the brave man on the receiving end of the near-miss darts tossed at him by Barton Halliburton. With fantastic accuracy, Halliburton whizzed darts 40 feet through the air, just missing Grenger—for the most part.

But then the act split up. Halliburton died from an overdose of health foods and Grenger took up with a succession of dart-throwers, none of whom possessed the aim of his original tosser.

They've all passed out of the picture now, and everyone wonders about Tom Grenger.

Where is Tom Grenger, the man who was the target of a million darts thrown at him many years ago?



Today, Tom Grenger, dart-target extraordinaire, is alive and well. He is a pin cushion in an old folks' home.



A CARTOONIST'S PORTFOLIO ON PSYCHILISTS

by B. Wiseman



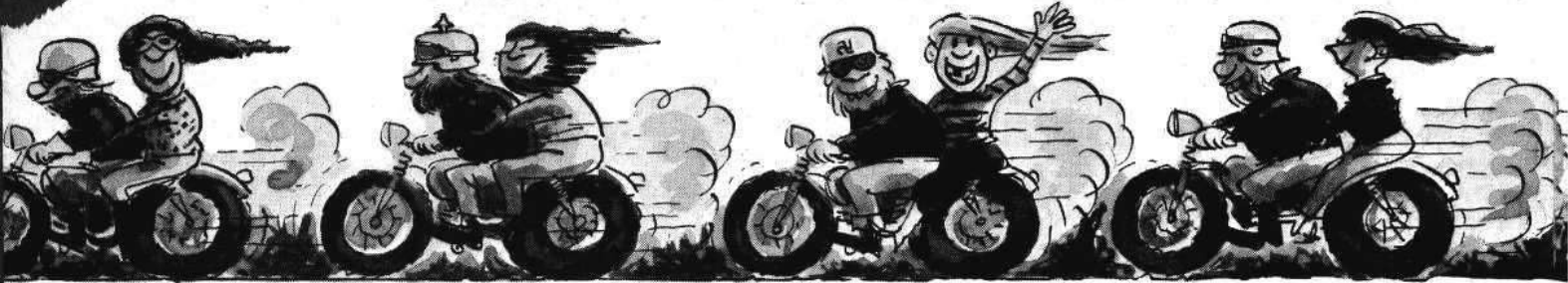
"What are you doin' wit a good conduct medal?"



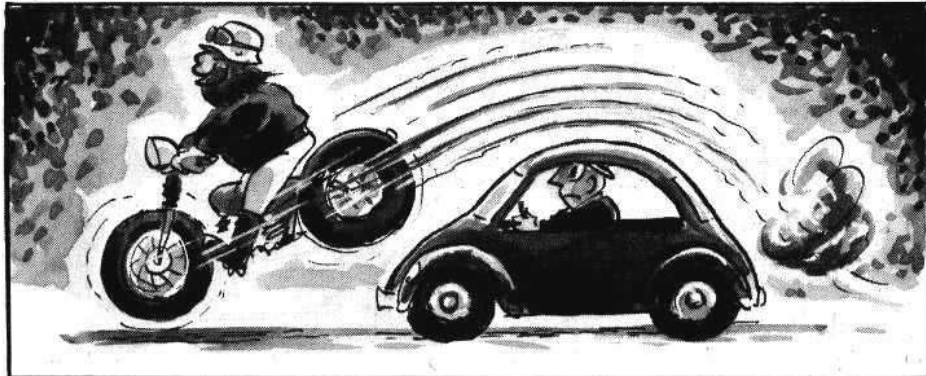
"Are you good looking?"



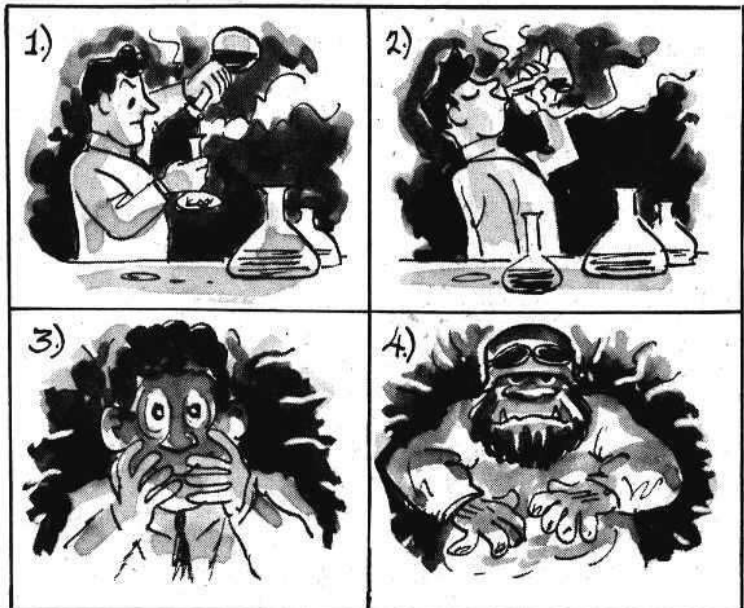
"No! We ain't stoppin' for a little snack!"



"Hey, sarge! We don't have to ink their fingers!"



"Say... maybe he's got a good idea there!"





"Now THERE'S a ladies man!"

Too Sick!



by Lynn Lichty

How long will it be before some enterprising young TV producer combines the elements of "Peyton Place" & "I Love Lucy" and comes up with "I Love Loosely?"

Hear about the new organization called the AAAAA? Whenever you get the urge to take a drive on Sunday afternoon, you call up a friend and he comes over with a bottle, and you forget the whole thing.

I cancelled my European trip like LBJ asked, sent him \$400, and he sent it overseas for foreign aid.

I was going to get a heart transplant from my Internal Revenue agent, but I couldn't—he doesn't have a heart.

I read the other day about a large city which had 284 crimes in a 24 hour period—and that was just in the police department—you should have seen what it was like on the streets!!

I know how to stop crime on the streets—give the cops a beat inside.

I hear they have a DMZ in Central Park now—darn masher's zone.

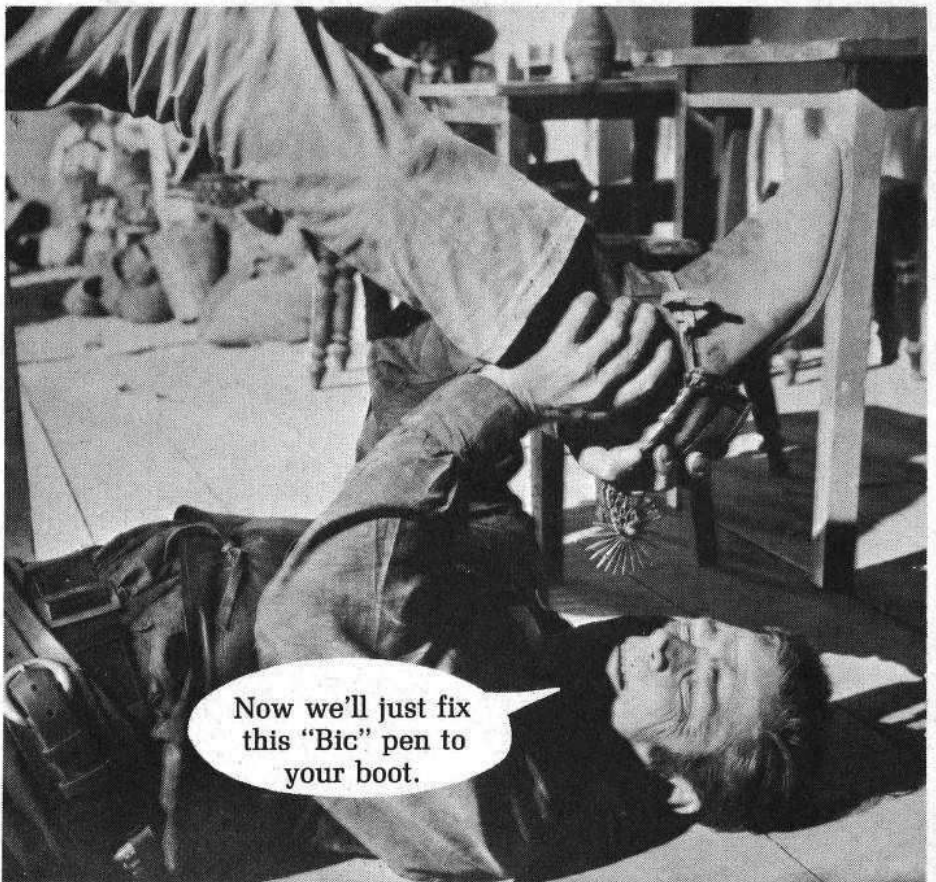
When a comedy writer loses his talent, and isn't funny any more, could it be said he is at his wit's end?

I put Brigitte Bardot's measurements on an envelope instead of a zip code and nearly drove the post office's mail-sorting machine wild.



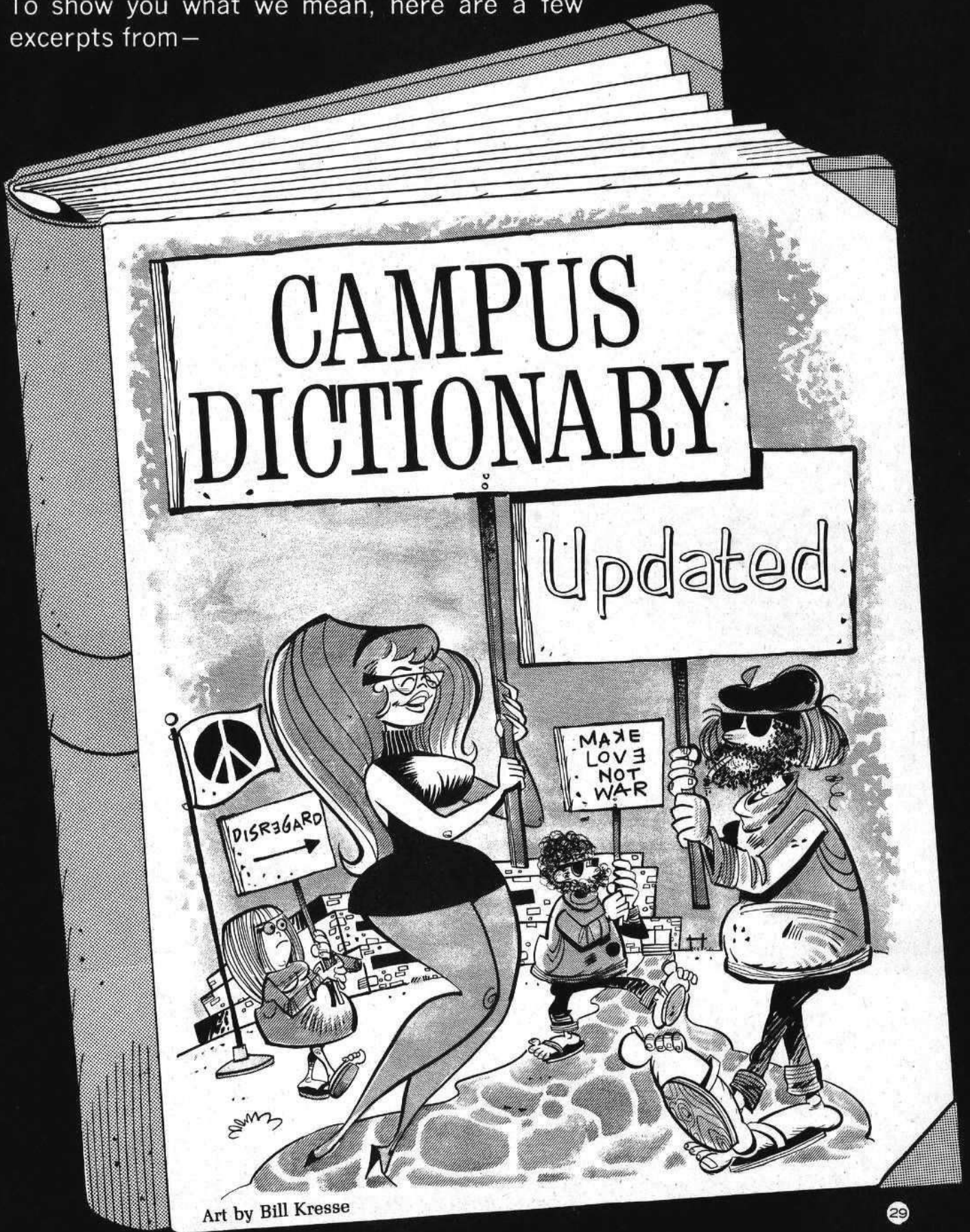
She can too fly!

Do you believe everything you see on t.v.?



Now we'll just fix this "Bic" pen to your boot.

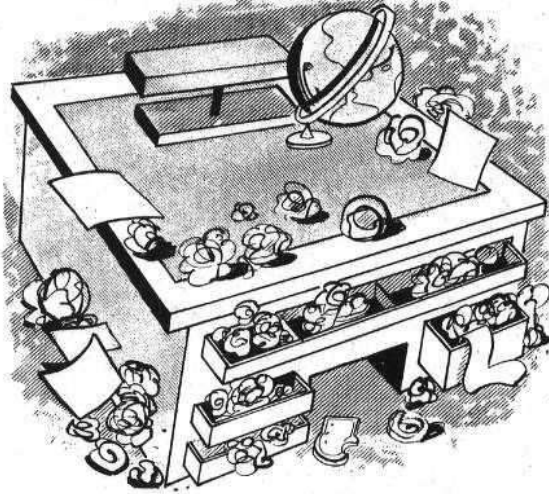
Times are changing. Today's reference books are of little help in defining the true meaning of commonplace words in the collegiate dialogue. To show you what we mean, here are a few excerpts from—



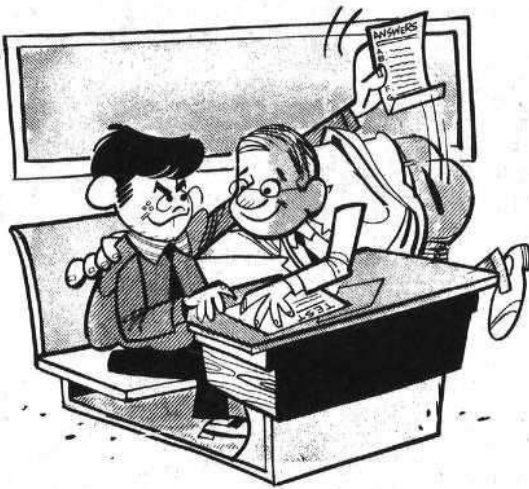


COMMITTEE — a group that keeps minutes and wastes hours... or a group of men who can do nothing individually but usually decide as a group that nothing can be done.

DESK — wastebasket with drawers.



HONOR SYSTEM — an educational theory in which the teachers have the honor and the students have the system.



LECTURER — A man who speaks straight from the shoulder but who would be more interesting if his remarks started a little higher up.



PROFESSOR — one who leads a simple sober life because he never has enough money to make a fool of himself.



SORORITY SISTER — an honorable, upstanding girl who wants nothing for herself... just a son-in-law for her mother.



SADIST —

person who locks the fraternity bathroom door on the night of a beer party.

ANATOMY—something that everybody has but it looks better on a girl.



BACHELOR — a man who has no children to speak of...



COACH—A fellow who will gladly lay down your life for the school.



COED — A girl who didn't get her man in high school.

PUBLICATIONS

Remember when hippies used to be peace-loving and non-violent? That was last year! Now they've become so aggressive and loud they've started calling themselves "Yippies." They've become firm protesters of the social scene and, because of this, they're having a lot of wild new adventures.

In fact, we're thinking of putting out a publication to dramatize the new movement. Can you imagine the Yippie adventure stories spiced up with those violent stock illustrations featured in the "man's adventure" magazines? Here's the way it would go-go:



YIPPIE ADVENTURES

—IN THIS ISSUE—

The Yippie Fight Of The Year:
I FLOGGED HIM WITH MY HAIR AS
HE CHOKED ME WITH HIS BEADS!

CHIQUITA BANANA: A New Sex Symbol

I MIXED LSD WITH STP...
AND SAW LBJ IN HIS BVD!

NEVER SAY "SOCK IT TO ME, BABY!"
TO A LONGSHOREMAN!

Help Stamp Out Police Brutality:
JOIN OUR "CRUSH THE FUZZ" MOVEMENT

I GOT HIGH SNIFFING AIRPLANE GLUE—
WHILE THE AIRPLANE WAS IN FLIGHT!

Is The FLYING NUN One Of Us?

I EXPANDED MY MIND SO MUCH—
I FINALLY BLEW MY BRAINS OUT!

The Yippie So Tough
He Played The Sitar With His Teeth

... and other groovy messages

YIPPIE ADVENTURES

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SY KEDELIC
Publisher

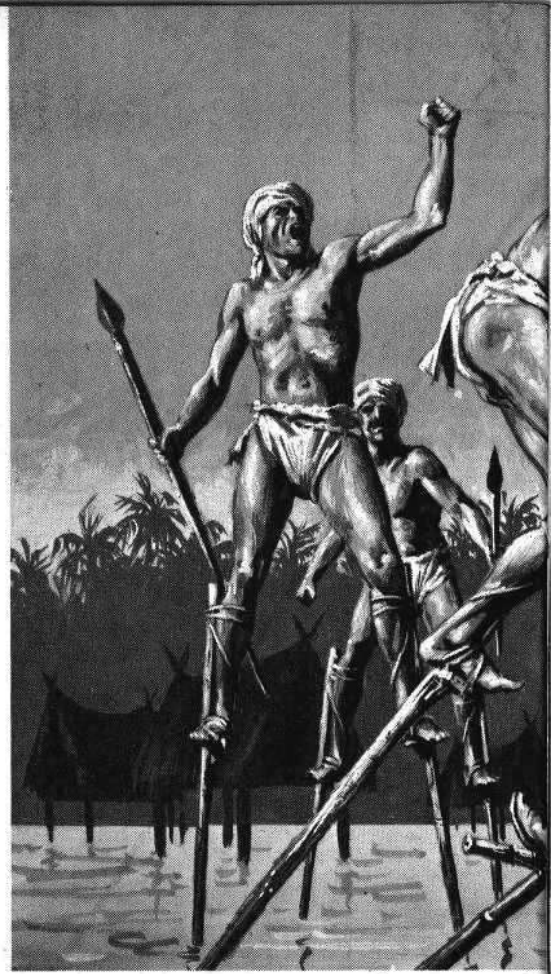
L.S. DEE
Editor

OTTO SIGHT
Production

WRITERS: Mary Juana, Mesca Lene and Freke Owt

WRITERS: Nan Violence, Garu Vee and Flo Werchild

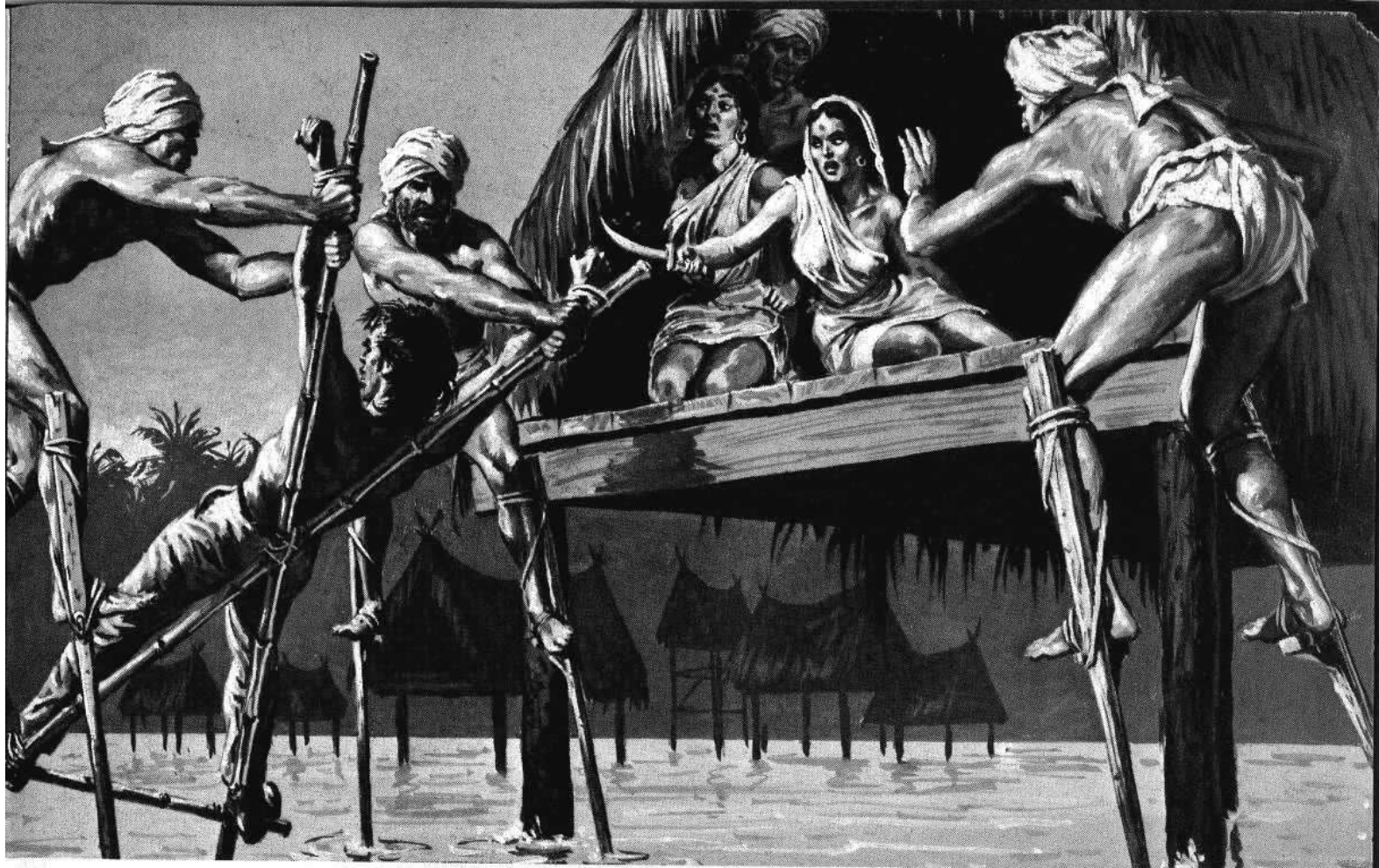
All names have been changed to make them funnier. Any similarity to persons living, you gotta be kidding!



PRIZE-WINNING CONFESSION ARTICLE

by
MURRY THE MESSIAH
(formerly Murray The Slob)





"Meditate", cried the Gurus, "Meditate! It is the only way to peace!"

I FOUND MY GURU in a Hut Near Perth Amboy

After eight grueling, tortuous years my search was ended! There in an out-of-sight darkened hut up in the wilds of New Jersey, I found my Nirvana! My Krishna! My Guru!

I had been searching frantically all over the world for someone who could tell me the secret of life. And now I was face-to-face with the one person who could fill me in. Tell me where it's at. Tell it like it is.

Everybody I knew had clued me in that this Guru was the wisest cat in the whole world. They said he was the only one who could show me the way to eternal truth. To cosmic

happiness. To freaked-free trips. So imagine my delirium as he sat there before me at last. There he sat, the shriveled-up old bearded mystic that I had waited so long to find. I could control myself no longer. I looked right into his face and shrieked at the top of my voice, "Oh, wondrous seer! Oh, rapturous prophet! Oh, cool swinging Guru! Tell me how I can get all that life has to offer! Tell me the secret of everlasting happiness!"

I'll never forget that moment. He looked me squarely in the eye and said only one word. "Drugs." I said, "You mean I should take them?" He said, "No...sell them!"

OUR NEW BATTLE CRY:

Make Love AND War!



"I told you, Sid," she sobbed... "I told you, you should have picketed for the gun control bill!"

by
PSYCHEDELIC SID
(America's most freaked-out Yippie)

Let's face it! Our groovy old slogan "Make Love Not War" just doesn't make it anymore. That's because people everywhere are taking advantage of our good natures. Ever since we've been preaching non-violence, we've been getting it from all sides. The fuzz keep bugging us, the hoods keep mugging us, and the squares keep putting us down!

Like what can we do about it? Baby, it's easy! Just forget all that love jazz and fight back! And you can use the weapons you got. Like, for example, if some creep starts bothering you simply flog him with your hair! If he still comes on strong, start choking him with your

beads. If nothing else works, just give him a whiff of your underarms. That ought to do the trick!

For those who don't groove brutality, there are other ways to fight back without coming on too physical. The old "blow marijuana smoke in his eyes trick" works wonders to put down an aggressive opponent. The same holds true for blinding the cat with your strobe lights. If they still come back for more, then slipping a couple of LSD cubes in their coffee is sure to hang them up.

One Yippie out in North Beach has a really swinging gimmick. When people pass by and call him "effeminate" he doesn't panic at all. He just stands there and hits them with his purse!

YIPPIES IN THE NEWS



NIRVANA GLOTZ, Greenwich Village: won contest for having the longest beard of any hippie in America—coming down to the navel. This is a remarkable accomplishment, even more so when you consider it's a girl!



ALLAH SLOFKISS, Sunset Strip: noted hippie inventor. Famous for inventing a filter-tip banana for health-conscious hippies. Just produced a new saccharhine LSD cube for hippie diabetics!



KRISHNA FURD, Tompkins Square Park: recently cited by the community for doing his part to keep America beautiful. He did this by moving overseas to Paris!



GURU GLICKMAN, Majorca: had an unfortunate accident this month. Seems he smoked a banana while it was still in the monkey's mouth!

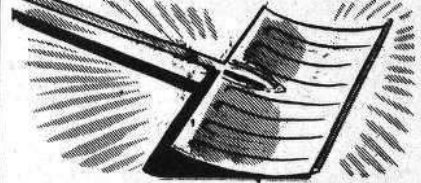
Bright Sayings

Each month we will pay \$5 in LSD Cubes for the grooviest Bright Saying sent in by a reader. This month's recipient is Jesus Markowitz of the East Village:

A Yippie went over to a wise old Chinese yogi and asked him to explain exactly what Zen Buddhism is. Without batting an eyelash, the bearded sage replied: "A pregnant caterpillar never crawls near ferns!"

YIPPIE SHOPPING GUIDE

GOING TO AN UNDERGROUND MOVIE?



Take this handy gadget along. Ideal for getting all the "dirt." Can also be used as a weapon when you want to get your money back!

WANT A REAL KICK?



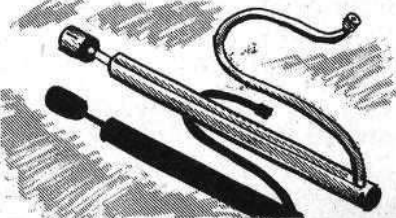
Why bother with drugs and meditation when you can get the real thing? Will give you just the right jolt every time!

BOTHERED BY TEENY BOPPERS?



This delightful item will keep them away. Will make a lasting impression on anyone who tries to give you a hard time!

WANT TO EXPAND YOUR MIND?



With this you can enlarge it to any size you want. You'll really wind up with a swell head using this technique!

A YIPPIE'S LAMENT:

I Was so Freaked Out— I TURNED OFF, TUNED OUT, and DROPPED IN!!

by
LEO THE LOSER
(as told to his Guru)



I WAS STRUNG OUT, HUNG UP AND PUT DOWN AT THE SAME TIME!

Man, I was really up-tight! Like, I was all strung out. I tell you, baby, I just couldn't make the scene anymore. My hangup was, I had tried every kick there was and I still couldn't get high! I was searching for some new kick—some wild crazy action that would really turn me on—some groovy Nirvana that would freak me out!

I tell you cats, I tried everything. I sniffed the glue from postage stamps. I smoked tire tubes from old Greyhound Buses. I turned on to soy sauce, tuned in on nutmeg, dropped out on asparagus tips. One day I even freaked out on paprika!

Nothing worked. I looked everywhere for a new kick—in bowling alleys, behind hand-

ball courts, in back of cesspools. Still I couldn't find it. What I needed was something new that would turn me on—something wild that would get me high—something groovy that would flip me out. I needed something that no yippie had ever experienced before—some way out, wild kick. Just when I was at my wits' end, I found it! At last I came across the thing of all things. The bag of all bags. The trip of all trips. At last I found the big vibration. The absolute scene. The real boss sound.

What I did was get a job in an advertising agency, marry a nice refined girl and settle down in a split-level in the suburbs. Man, like, this is the ultimate kick!

CONTEST

**GUESS
THE SEX
OF THIS
YIPPIE**



WIN A FREE "TRIP" FOR TWO
and many other groovy prizes!

CHECK ONE

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Male | <input type="checkbox"/> Neuter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Female | <input type="checkbox"/> Croatian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Male-Female | <input type="checkbox"/> Extinct |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Female-Male | <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Male-Male | <input type="checkbox"/> None |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Female-Female | <input type="checkbox"/> Other..... |
- (please specify)

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Simply guess the sex of the above-pictured Yippie, mail it in together with two boxtops from a pound package of Hashish, and complete the following sentence in 25 words or less:

"Life is like a

.....

.....!"

All entries become the property of YIPPIE ADVENTURES, where we light them up and smoke them. The decision of the judges is final. Judges are: Timothy Leary, Allen Ginsberg, Norman Mailer, Joan Baez and Guru.

PRIZES INCLUDE:

- Two weeks at a Banana Plantation in Chile
- An overnight stay at a Hilton loft
- A year's supply of airplane glue
- A hair from Bob Dylan's nose
- An Honorary Degree from Berkeley
- Two Teeny Boppers
- Bail money the next time you get busted

CONTEST EXPIRES IN THREE WEEKS
(mainly because that's when we figure we'll expire!)

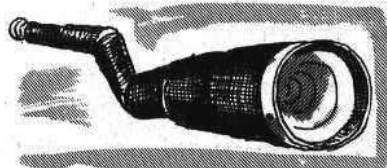
YIPPIE SHOPPING GUIDE

**UPTIGHT?
CAN'T LOOSEN UP?**



This will snap you into shape in no time. It's guaranteed to have you swinging with the first application!

LOOKING FOR RELIGION?



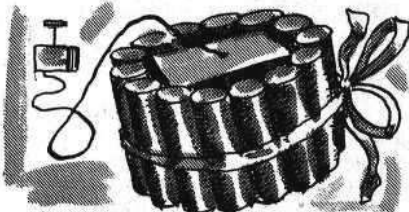
Find it with this sightseer's delight. Also ideal for studying heavenly bodies—before they pull their shades down!

**WANT A NEW KICK
AT THAT LOVE-IN?**



Just bring this little gadget along and you will soon get the point. Play your cards right and everybody will be touched!

**LOOKING TO
BLOW YOUR MIND?**



This will do it every time. Just the thing to give your whole being a new charge. You'll be all over the scene with this one!

The Flower Children Have Gone to POT!

by
CHARISMA CHARLIE
(The Yippie's Yippie)

Man, like, the scene isn't what it used to be in Haight-Ashbury. Hippies have started getting very square and out of hand. Just like one crooked fuzzi gives the whole force a bad name, one square hippie louses it up for the rest of the movement. And it's getting worse all the time!

One hippie out on North Beach was actually seen **eating** a banana! Another soul-brother in the East Village actually came to a love-in with his own date! Still another cat in Chicago was found actually pasting the parts with the glue from an airplane kit! No one is safe. A Digger out in Philly reportedly took a "trip" and saw his own parents!

These nowhere scenes cannot go on if the Hippie culture is to survive and swing again. Hippies have been rumored to be



When a yippie takes a bath it's a happening, baby.

taking baths, getting haircuts and spending entire days without once using the word "groovy"! Man, that's where it's at! I'm telling it like it is!

What can happen? Man, if left unchecked, who knows? Some cat may mix LSD with Milk of Magnesia and start a whole new movement!

VOTE HERE FOR MISS YIPPIE



SHIRLEY KLINEMINE
Passaic, New Jersey
Best remembered as the first girl
hippie to get a nose job!



HARRIET SNODGRASS
Walla Walla, Wash.
Recently was arrested for indecent
exposure—while fully clothed!



SELMA BLODGETT
Philadelphia, Pa.
Known for the monkey on her back
—not a habit, a real monkey!



ZELDA WEIRDLEY
Bangor, Maine
A real swinger, on her wrist is a
tattoo of her chest!

WINNER WILL RECEIVE FREE AN ALL-EXPENSE
TRIP TO THE EDITOR'S OFFICE. ALL ENTRIES
BECOME THE PROPERTY OF THE EDITOR—AS
WELL AS ALL GIRLS!

Next Issue:

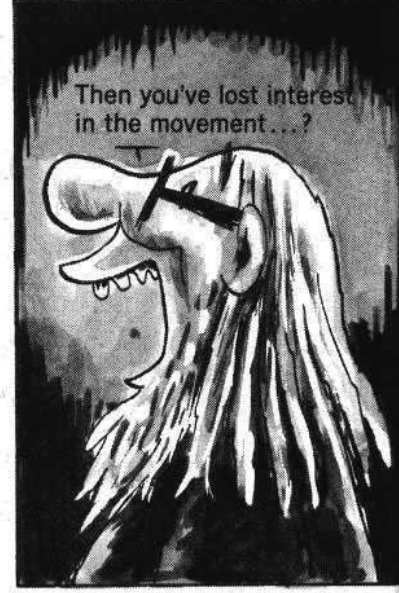
- I TURNED ON MY OWN PARENTS!
(when I gave them LSD)
- MAKING LOVE TO A CHINESE GIRL HIPPIE
(an hour later you get hungry again!)
A Yippie's Lament:
- THE DOCTOR TOLD ME I WAS ALLERGIC TO FLOWERS!
- I MEDITATED ON A VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN
(and really blew my mind!)
- I GOT VIBRATIONS THE HARD WAY—
STICKING MY HEAD BETWEEN TWO CHINESE GONGS!
- Is The Grass Really Greener In Timothy Leary's Backyard?
- I TRIED TO SMOKE MARIJANE
(but she slapped my face!)
- I SAW THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL
(while standing in a Mens' Room)
- I GOT HIGH ON PRUNE JUICE
(and became a Go-Go Dancer!)
- ...and other psychedelic sounds!

ON SALE SOON
(if you believe)



COMMUNAL LIVING

by B. Wiseman



SO YOU WANT TO BE A COMEDIAN

In every office, campus dorm, barracks and locker room, there's always one person who is the life-of-the-party. He feels he can make it right to the top of the comedy heap if only he could get his mouth on the right material.

And you know something? As strange as it may seem, he may just be right.

As a public service to these aspiring comics, Sick herewith presents some stand-up monologues written in the contemporary style of some of your comic favorites. The interpretation is up to you. Do you employ the cerebral approach of Charlie Manna? Or the wild, way-out ways of Jonathan Winters? Possibly you lean toward the hesitant soft-sell style of Bob Newhart. Possibly you're leaning too far forward, so straighten up and get on with it.

With proper presentation, these bits are guaranteed laugh-getters at autopsies, volcano openings, airport weather-ins and bus explosions. Good luck.



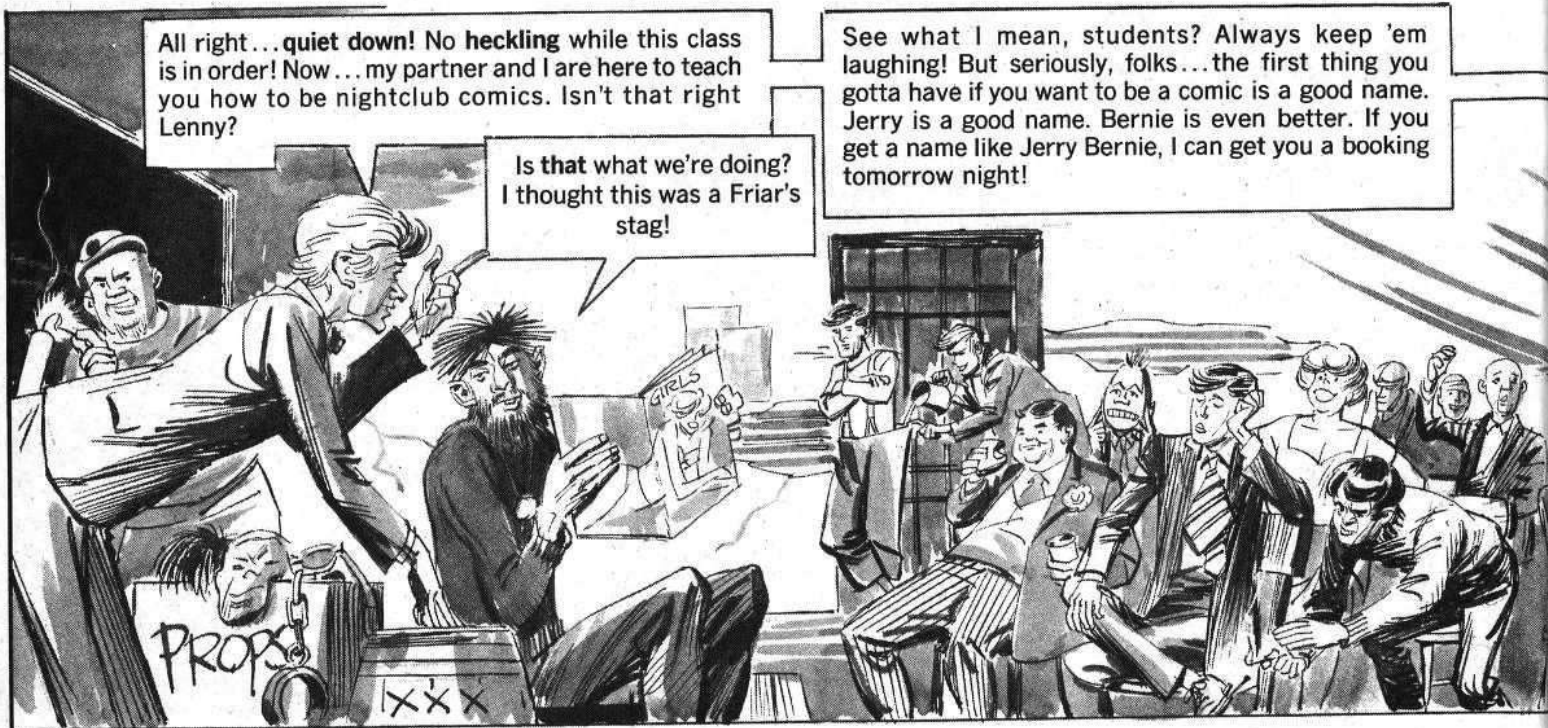
It seems there's a school today for every kind of trade except comedy. This means

SCHOOL FOR

All right... quiet down! No heckling while this class is in order! Now... my partner and I are here to teach you how to be nightclub comics. Isn't that right Lenny?

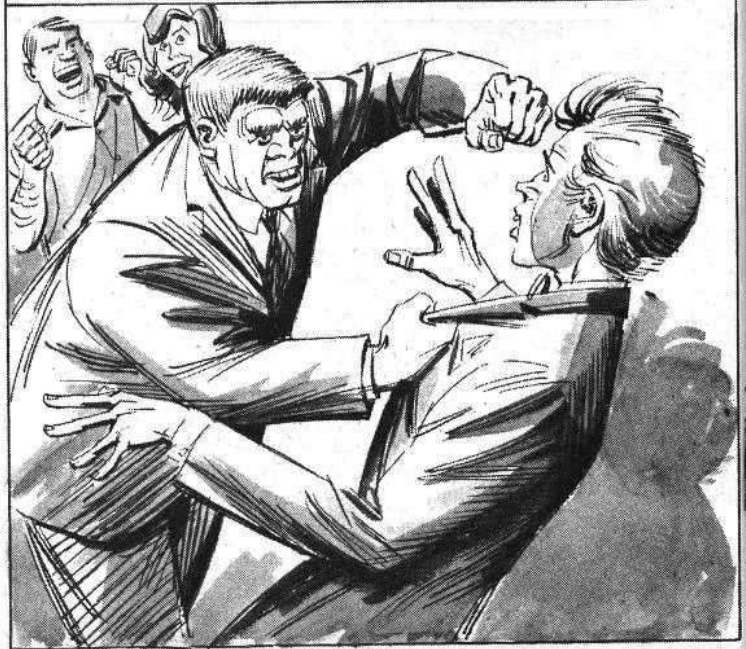
Is that what we're doing? I thought this was a Friar's stag!

See what I mean, students? Always keep 'em laughing! But seriously, folks... the first thing you gotta have if you want to be a comic is a good name. Jerry is a good name. Bernie is even better. If you get a name like Jerry Bernie, I can get you a booking tomorrow night!



Now, at first the audience may not laugh. This happens. Don't panic. Just look at them and say things like, "What is this... an audience or a jury?" If that doesn't work try, "There must be people out there... I hear breathing!" Should this fail come on with, "Is this an English speaking audience?" That ought to do it. If not, go on with your routine and talk fast.

You may not get a chance to finish! If someone should heckle you, say "For years I'm doing a single... now I got a partner!" Or if you really want to squelch the heckler, "Look, madam, do I bother you where you work... and take away your broom?" This is always good for a scream—especially if it was a man who was heckling!



that comedians have no place to go to learn their craft. What we should have is a

COMEDIANS

Script by Paul Laikin

And last names are important also. Fields is a winner. Also Hope, Benny, Kent and Youngman. Lay off the name Mal Carter though. Not because it doesn't make it. It happens to be my name!



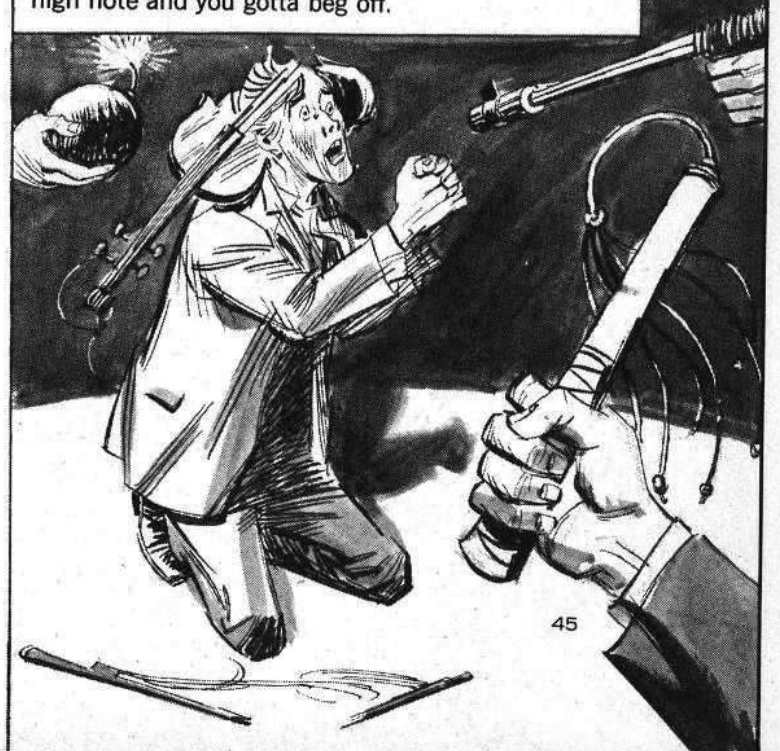
Next to your name, the most important thing is a strong opening line. Here on the blackboard are some of the lines that have been getting screams for over thirty years. Memorize them and you'll be a smash. Are you ready? One: "Good evening ladies and germs..." Two: "I just flew in from the Coast, boy are my arms tired!" And the big yok-getter: "A funny thing happened on my way to the club here tonight. I showed up."



So much for sock lines. Now, in this business you gotta have a distinct trademark. Cigars are funny. Also horn-rimmed glasses make it today. But mainly, you gotta have something besides "patter" in your act. A big song finish is always sure-fire—things like "When You're Smiling" or the big one "There's No Business Like Show Business." If you can't sing, get a musical instrument. Only make it a funny one.



Cornets are funny. Violins are even funnier. And you don't even have to know how to play it. Just strum a few notes, then stop and do a few lines. End with a high note and you gotta beg off.



Subject matter is also important. Mother-in-law jokes are out this year, but wives are back in again. Jewish is out. Czechoslovakia is in. Just say it and you get a laugh. Jokes about your girl friend are always good. Don't try it though, if you're a female comic. And stay away from "whitefish" jokes. They're a little too "inside."



We come now to the most important part of this lecture. See the picture on this board? Study this man's face. He is your enemy. He is a comedy writer! The biggest trouble you will get into during your career will be due to writers. They're worse than bad audiences. A true comic hates a comedy writer.



And vice-versa. Therefore, get the best of them whenever you can. Wrack their brains. Try not to give them any "front money." This is money given to see a sample of their work. Try to con them into writing a couple of pages as a "sample." When you receive it, say it's no good. Even if you like it say it's terrible, you can't use it. Then go out of town and get laughs with it. Do this with as many writers as you can. This way you never pay for comedy material. Remember the comic's motto: "Only a non-pro pays a writer!"



Here we have the class textbook. For your homework assignment, I want you to memorize the jokes in Chapter Fourteen—those with the following punchlines: "My mother? I thought she was your mother!" "So I bit him!" And finish with "Is that any way to run an airline?" Learn three of these jokes a day and you'll have an act at the end of the term.



We'll close today's session by showing you some actual training films, in which several of our alumni are doing their acts.



There's Mal Irving killing them at the Chez Paree in Chicago...



Here's one of Bobbie Kaye destroying them at a Bnai Brith Luncheon...



That's Lennie Phillips doing an hour and twenty minutes at the Sands... they wouldn't let him off the stage...



And that's me... doing an act that got me into this business... teaching!



I want you to study all the different styles. Also learn all their gestures and mannerisms. Mainly copy down all the jokes and steal the routines. Plagiarism is the essence of a true nightclub comic!



With that in mind, I want each of you to get up and do twenty minutes. Give me all your original jokes. While you're doing this, I will sit in the back with a pencil and paper. Not to take notes, or give you marks. I need some fresh material as I open at the Fountainbleu in November!



CLASSIC SICK FRIENDS

Wanted: female pen pals, must be 13-15, have a few curves, cute face, hair and eyes can be any color. She can be from anywhere, on the West Coast or in the South of US or better yet abroad preferable. I'm a 14 year old boy with blond hair and blue eyes, 6', and 170 pounds, who has many interests from girls to football. I speak English, French, and willing to write to all. Larry Roy, 64 Richard St., Koppel, Pennsylvania 16136

Wanted: All cute boys (15-20) to write to a girl who loves writing to and being with people. I like guys, dramatics, music, animals, photography, penpals, art, The Rolling Stones, and the Jeff Airplanes. I have big brown eyes, contact lenses, and six mice, and I don't scare people away. All guys with at least one of my interests, write to Chickie Borthig, 241 Lincoln Avenue, Hasbroack Heights, N.J. 07604

Wanted: Girl pen pals (13-19) from anywhere "in" North America. I am 15.35 years old, brown hair, 2 eyes, 175.3 cm. high and weigh 59.5 kg. Will definitely and unconditionally answer all letters (can't answer letters from overseas or outer space because lack sufficient bread for postage). Girls should like: Freedom, noise, darkness, and dislike boredom, eating, people who don't trust you. Should be able to read bad, grade 2 writing or good grade 10 printing. No pictures required! Andy Hall, 2429 De Rouville Street, Sherbrook, Quebec, Canada.

I would like to write to over 600 people anywhere, 18-25. My age is 20. Dark brown eyes, wear glasses. I have a passion for sun glasses and sweaters. My favorite recording artists are The Supremes, Dylan, and Vanilla Fudge. I'm really fascinated by anything different or complicated to know. I'm wild about

Mia. My greatest desire is to be important in the world someday. I hope to make a lot of friends and will answer all letters. Dave Spellman, P.O. Box 135, Eudora 4, Kansas.

An Aussie-gal looking for boys and girls (preferably boys) from anywhere in the world, to swap letters. I am 16 years, 5'6", have mousy brown hair, blue eyes. I like travel, music, and swimming, also I like the Mama's and the Papa's, and The Monkees. I'll answer any and all letters, send a picture if possible. Julie Vendoreas, 8 Jarrah Street, Mount Isa, 4825, Queensland, Australia.

I would love to write to all females and males. I am 15, 5'5" with green eyes and blond hair. I like the Monkees, Raiders, cars and almost anything that's fun. I'll answer all letters. Please write soon. Paul Sutter, R.R. 3, Uiarnton, Ontario, Canada.

Wanted: Male, age 16-19. I am 16, 5'4", brown hair, brown eyes. I will answer any guy that qualifies. Please write to: Cheri Wheeler, 142 Redford Cres., Stratford, Ontario, Canada.

ATTENTION!! Girls between the ages of 17-20, write to a lonesome marine. I am 18, brown hair and eyes, 6', and weigh 187 lbs. I like swimming, hunting, water skiing, surfing, and racing. I am cute, and have an outstanding personality ac-



cording to the opposite sex. Some of my other likes are groove girls, dancing, and blondes with blue eyes. I will send picture and answer all letters. My address: Pvt. John Lowery Jr., 2358190, H&S Co., HQBN., HQMC, Henderson Hall, Arlington, Virginia 22214

Wanted: Desolute, down-trodden, heart-broken cute girl to write to one lonely, handsome fella. I have a cute cleft in my left chin, am a firm believer in love at first sight, and I promise to shave my belly-button every night before I go to sleep if you will write to me. Gary Copley, Lee College, Cleveland, Tennessee Box 783, 37311

Wanted: one girl penpal. Age 13-14. My info. as follows: like girls, tramping, stock cars, fast cars, photography, water!! Dislike: Homework, and Exams. Description: Dark brown hair, blue eyes, 5'3", not quite ugly. Michael McKay, 45 Owen St., Wellington, New Zealand

Hey, Lookit. A real chance in a life time. Be the first one on your block to communicate with a real FUNGUS. (fungoid interplanitarius) A down to Mars blond-haired, blue-eyed Fungus. In order to be eligible to write, you must: either be female, male, or other wise; Like peace, singing, cars; dislike war, smoking, opera, or Joan Baez; Also Drug hangups (LSD, the like); Be between the age of 14 and infinity (females preferred); and have knowledge of a part of some other language, such as French (je ne parle pas bien). I am blond-haired, blue-eyed, male;

"Do you realize", said the student to the coach of the football team in the corridor near the locker room, "that you are reading your 'Sick Magazine' upside down?"
"Of course I realize it", snapped the coach.



I like Chev's, Elvis, Everly Bros., Peter and Gordon, Dean Martini, Nancy Sinatra, Herman's Hermits, girls (all sorts), The Beatles, racing cars, guitar (I'm lernin' to play it), life, love, laughter, and science fiction. Send photo. (please?) 'Fungus,' alias Chris, Box 113, Ucluelet, B.C., Canada.

Wanted: Girls to write to a 16 year old boy, of any age from anywhere. I am tall, and have brown hair, blue eyes, and I weigh 140 lbs. I like the Rolling Stones and many others, dancing, and girls. Will answer all letters. Please send picture, if possible. Write to: Norman Pickett, 326 Edmund Street, Aberdeen, Maryland 21001.

Wanted: girl 15 or 16, brown hair and eyes, 5'2", shapely, and have nice legs. Must like converse sneakers, weightlifting, ankle rits., highschool football and horseback riding. I'm 5'9", 165 lbs., red, long hair, blue eyes, muscular and 15 years old. I am a defensive guard on the football squad. Any Offers? James Godfrey Jr., 30 Frank St., Ft. Edward, N.Y. 12828

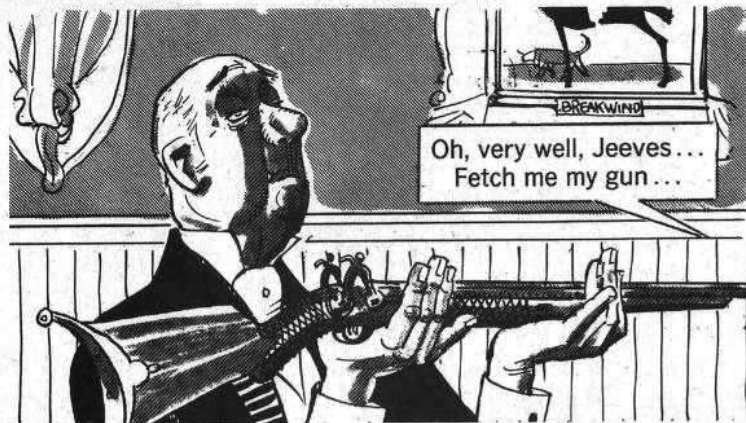
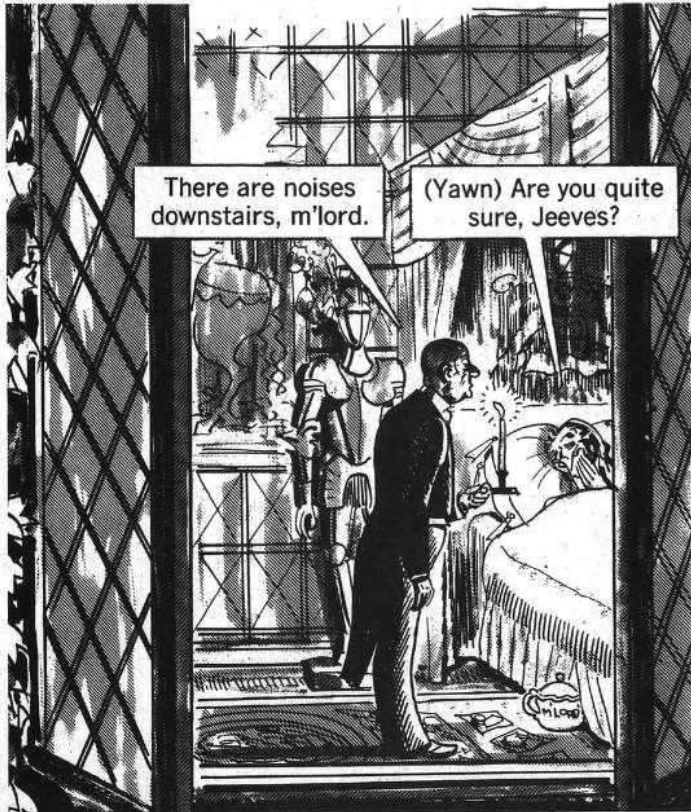
Hard working engineer would like girls 18 to 19 write him in this far-off country. Sp. 4 Ernest J. Dunn III, RA-13892267, Co. C, 92 Eng. Bn. Const., APO San Fran. Cal. 96491.



The British Movie

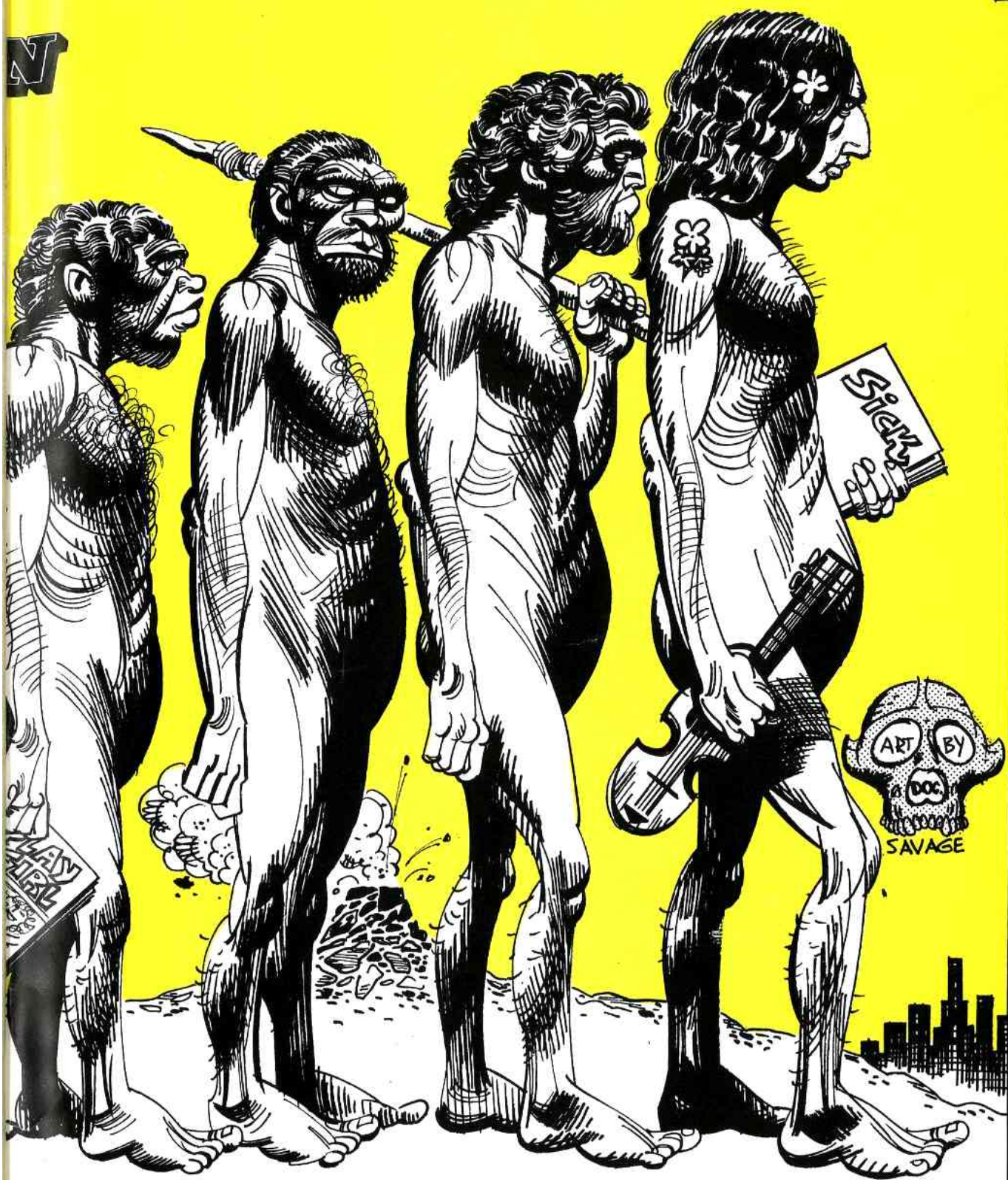
Art by Al Bare

Time: Midnight. Butler awakens wealthy British sportsman.





N



SOLO MAN

NEANDERTHAL MAN

CRO-MAGNON MAN

MODERN MAN



EXTRA BONUS CUTOUT

Now that it's fashionable for graduates to picket or walk out on their graduation exercises, it's time to reassess the whole procedure. The old graduation diplomas are meaningless, but what's to take their place? The Protester's Diploma, that's what. Here is yours, ready for framing, so you will be the first kid on the block with next year's diploma.

Untied Students of America Diploma

This is to certify that

_____ has satisfactorily completed the course of student protesting: namely rabble-rousing, picketing, police harrassment and general mayhem and is hereby entitled to the degree of

Bachelor of Protests

Signed, sealed, witnessed and forged

Mark Rudd

Principal No-Meritus

Stokely

Dean of Rabble-Rousers

Bohly Baker

"Vice" Chairman

Dr. Timothy Leary

Chairman of the Bored

HUCKLEBERRY FINK

Public School Dropout

